THE WAR AND THE PROPHETS by Fletcher Pratt

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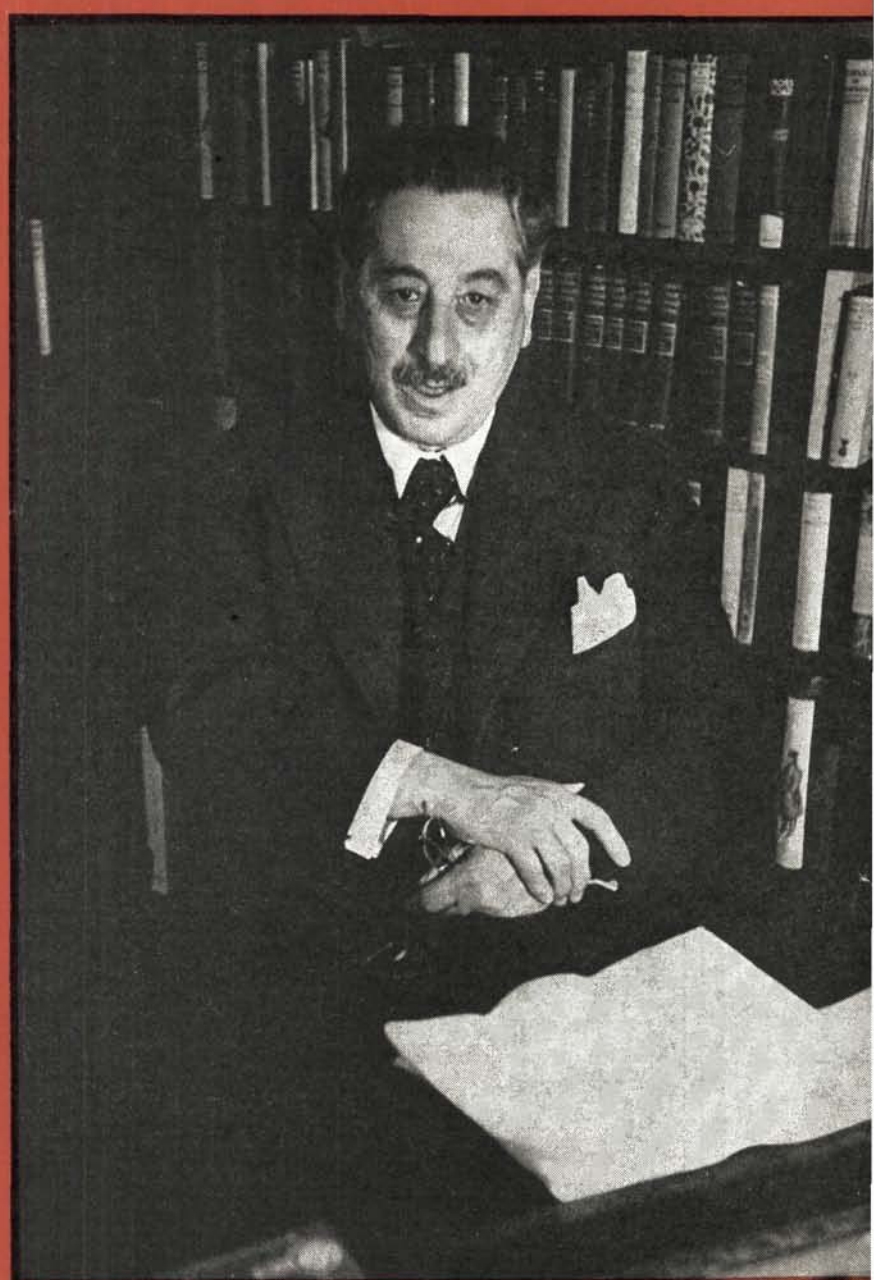

Disraeli

SHOLEM ASCH: "'The Nazarene' is plainly a fantastic tale; yet such is the skill of Sholem Asch that long before the end it has ceased to be such for the readers." *(See page 5)*

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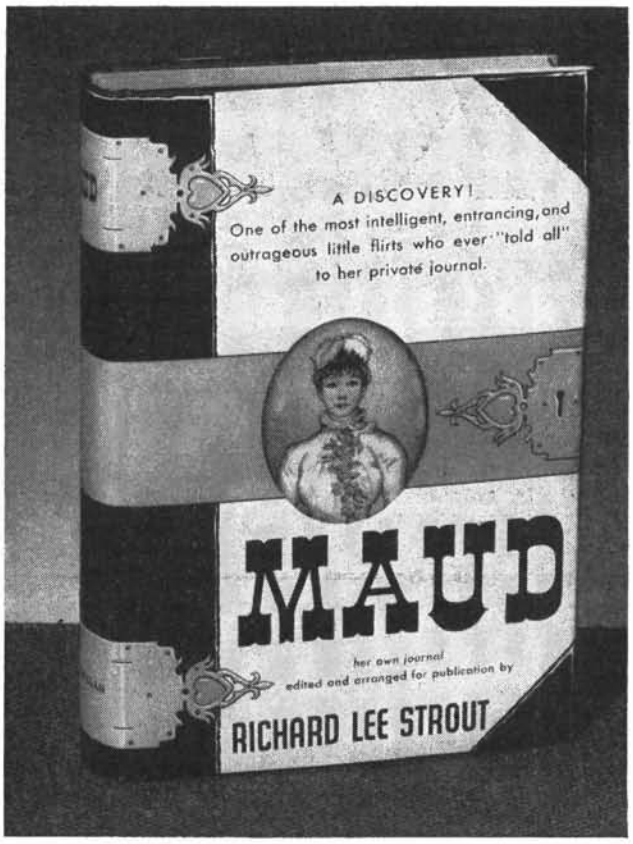
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The War and the Prophets

BY FLETCHER PRATT

"In a high percentage of the prophetic books, the indiscriminate aerial bombardment of cities plays a vital part" . . . (From the motion picture version of "Things to Come," produced by Alexander Korda.)

TO each generation its own war is the Great War, the hour when the heavens fall and the earth it has known melts with fervent heat. Not even a reader nearly two and a half thousand years distant from the event can miss the note of shock in Thucydides when he speaks of Lacedaemonians in arms marching between the Long Walls. Aemilius Paulus, a man not given to tremors, left it on record for Livy that he had never in a life of battles seen anything so terrible as the Macedonian spears—dipped and pointing toward him, with sunlight glinting from their laurel-leaf blades. And a millennium later the writer of the Litany felt that the possibility of further battles with the Vikings was something worth calling to the perpetual attention of the Deity.

While wars far away and long ago had provided subject matter for the novelists, it was not until 1914-1918 that war as a current institution really attracted much attention from fiction writers — an exceptional Stephen Crane or two omitted. Nor was it until the decades just closing that anyone but Mr. H. G. Wells got to worrying about another war and what it would be like. The World War, that is, seems to have impinged upon the literary mind with an effect quite beyond historical precedent. Hardly any novelist of our period has felt he could dispense with the necessity of showing how this war affected his characters; and as a by-product it has produced a remarkable prophetic and speculative literature with regard to that next war which is now upon us.

It has been suggested that the reason for this is that the event we used to call "the" World War was the first true mass conflict—the first in which conscription was not only a universal law but a sweet and decorous necessity. Writers as a class seem averse to all combats less distant than a thousand miles and a hundred years. In all previous great wars they could, and usually did, mind their own business. One may search the English literature of the Napoleonic period without finding more than a sonnet or two of Wordsworth or a minor Shelleyan ode to indicate that there was any conflict going on.

Even our Civil War, so much nearer the contemporary intellect, left comparatively little trace on contemporary writing. That is, in 1863 Thoreau and Mark Twain could turn their backs on the whole bloody business without hurting their own or anyone else's feelings. Whitman could remain a totally disinterested participant. But in 1914 the political climate had changed. The storm of conflict was brought irresistibly upon the bodies and minds of just and unjust—upon T. E. Lawrence, who reluctantly enjoyed the whole business, and upon Robert Graves, whom it disgusted.

Thus current theory. It is probably all quite true. The only trouble is that it does not go deeply enough to explain why Rudyard Kipling, who had been romanticizing combat since childhood, should turn from writing about combat to celebrating the labors of Faith and Works Lodge 5837 among the desperately wounded. It does not explain the total disappearance of Marinetti, the apostle of "blood and the violent blow." It does not explain the note of discouragement, almost of anguish, that runs through the writing of men who by mental pattern and field of interest should have found the war at least palatable and interesting—Hemingway, Dos Passos, Laurence Stallings, whose experiences contradicted the legends they might have been expected to believe. Not even the inheritance of Stephen Crane explains this. His was always the tragedy of the individual in war; they discovered the tragedy of the mass under war.

The fact seems to be that the War of 1914-1918 was as much of a surprise—a horrifying surprise—to the civilian as to the soldier. No one in 1913 dreamed that more men would be killed in a month and a half—by machine-guns and rapid-fire artillery —than in the entire four years of hard fighting that marked our Civil War. No one conceived the use of gas on the field or aerial bombardment of cities. No one had imagined that the mass-attacking theories which Clausewitz and Jomini mistakenly deduced from Napoleon would make victory a question of who could afford the most losses.

The most losses. The key of the matter seems to lie there. At the beginning of the World War the motto in England was "Business as usual," and the early popular war books, like "Mr. Britling" and "Over the Top," pretended that the business of war was also as usual, with brave men dying, not too often, at the front and brave women keeping the home fires burning.

But business was not as usual. The

Next Week

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT
By HENRY F. PRINGLE
Reviewed by William Allen White

A SEA ISLAND LADY
By FRANCIS GRISWOLD
Reviewed by Stephen Vincent Benét

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pretense wore thin in the presence of casualties that ran ninety per cent for an entire division, like the Canadians at Ypres. Or even higher—on the morning of November 5, 1918, the 54th Bavarians stood in line under Summerall's rain of fire, 1,500 strong. That night they were seven. In the entire American Civil War no organization of this size showed a casualty list of over ten per cent.

It is this omnipresence of death, this practical impossibility of personal survival in the conditions of modern war, that underlies and overlies all the literature of the World War and since the World War. This fear of extinction would seem to lie at the root of practically all the prophetic literature of the war that was to be tomorrow's and is now today's. From H. G. Wells ("The Shape of Things to Come" and "The Brothers") to S. Fowler Wright ("The War of 1938"); from Samuel Hopkins Adams ("The World Goes Smash") to Floyd Gibbons ("The Red Napoleon") the writers on the subject seem to be arguing that since the last war brought half a million casualties in the first month the next war would produce a million; that since the last war produced devastation unlike anything since Mummius at Corinth, the next would destroy every city whose wing it touched; that since some thousands or tens of thousands of civilians fell in the last war, the next would see them dying by hundreds of thousands and millions.

In fact this has been the purpose, open or tacit, of practically all the "future war" novels outside the pulps —to demonstrate that civilization as we know it, cannot afford another war. They are thus novels *à thèse,* and as with all propaganda art, it has been necessary slightly to distort the facts in the interest of the theory.

In a high percentage of the prophetic books — all those mentioned above, plus H. G. Wells's "The World Set Free," Nevil Shute's "Ordeal," Susan Ertz's "Woman Alive," Hanns Gobsch's "Death Rattle," and many others — the indiscriminate a e r i a l bombing of cities plays a large, and for the purposes of the story, a vital part. The writers of these works could have discovered from any military textbook that this form of action has not been received with favor even by such military theorists as the extremist Douhet, except in cases where neither defense nor retaliation was to be looked for.

As a result, when war came in the opening days of September, the novelists found they had widely parted company with reality. Similarly their readers, who seem to have been more in number than one might have suspected, went around proclaiming the war a phoney because it did not begin with the mass aerial bombardments of London, Paris, and Berlin.

It is the same story with the predictions about gas warfare. Forced by the nature of their thesis to make the coming war more horrible than the past, the prophets have frequently used the device of a poison gas more deadly or in some other way more horrible than anything seen in 1918. In "Woman Alive" Susan Ertz has a gas which produces as an after-effect a mysterious and uncheckable epidemic which attacks women only. In "The World Set Free" cities become permanently uninhabitable. In "The World Goes Smash" Adams pulls out all the stops on a collection of gases, one of which cuts the lungs to pieces, while another produces a form of galloping cholera fatal in a few minutes, and the final horrible gas produces instant blindness throughout all the large cities over which a small quantity is spread from airplanes.

Significantly, the authors who make the least play with gas are a military man and a quasi-military man — General Ared White in "Attack on America," Floyd Gibbons in "The Red Napoleon." The point is that they know what the non-military novelists could have found out — that while all these incredible gases are legitimate in the terms of such a fantasy as Olaf Stapledon's "Last and First Men," which deals in millions of years, they constitute a bad break if referred to the immediate future.

All the toxic gases were already known in 1916. They occur only at certain points in the patterns of chemical combination. As deviation from these points renders the product either non-toxic or non-gaseous, it is improbable, almost impossible, that new gases used by F. Britten Austin ("The War God Walks Again") and H. G. Wells ("The Shape of Things to Come") are now better. Wells, at least, should have known that no field has been more thoroughly explored by chemico-medical science than that of gaseous anesthetics.

The gases that have not been thoroughly investigated are the non-toxics, whose effect is psychological and may be beneficial. The Germans are known, for example, to have been experimenting with a gas which produces no effect but a panic fear, and there may be others which render the enemy emotionally unfit to fight.

A few writers have capitalized on this possibility, notably Aldous Huxley in "Brave New World," and Susan Ertz, who have both employed the idea of a jolly-good-humor gas. Lord Birkenhead in "2030" goes a step beyond and imagines whole groups of people enjoying themselves on gas binges, which do away both with fighting and the use of alcohol.

"2030," incidentally, having no horror axe to grind, and no fictive purpose to fulfill, has thus far scored a higher percentage of hits than any other book on the list. With General Ian Hamilton's predictions it is the only one to be accurate about the increasingly mechanical character of modern war, and even goes beyond to suggest that mechanics will ultimately render war more humane rather than less. The ultimate war, says Birkenhead, will be fought by a single gigantic machine on either side. As the levers of one combatant go dead, as red lights flash on the instrument boards, the operators realize that their manless machines, grappling with the enemy out on the front, have been destroyed, and they must surrender lest the enemy apparatus come in to trample them to dust; a form of war which even pacifists might approve.

For the majority of the authors of future war stories appear as fundamentally romantic pacifists—persons who believe that if enough people really know what the next war will be like, they will do something un-

(*Continued on page* 17)

Seventh Sense

BY JOHN DILLON

HAVE you seen, growing proud and outward, a weed blade
Pulsing within its graduated tube, green blood?
Having life in an actual dimension set just past
The eye's corner, in a world not our world, but of grass?

To feel that it grows outside us, in an unknown sphere,
Shocks the imprisoned self as the burst of a star
Shocks; as though brain were suddenly bared to the sun
And a world (not our world, but of grass) was, in that instant, begun.

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The Gospel in a Modern Version

THE NAZARENE. By Sholem Asch. Translated by Maurice Samuel. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1939. 698 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

THE incomparable yet tantalizingly incomplete Gospel narratives of the life of Jesus of Nazareth offer a perpetual challenge to modern writers. After nineteen hundred years of added experience, what kind of imaginative reconstruction shall we now make of a personality and an era that recent events have seemed to bring much nearer to us? The clash of Jew and Gentile, symbolizing a larger clash of philosophies, of faith versus power, yet symbolizing it confusedly with the parties often changing roles, is no longer a matter of history only but is again a part of the present. To our amazement, we find ourselves once more plunged into a period of messianic yearnings, with false Messiahs arising, Hitlers and Stalins, and whoever may be the man of tomorrow. What would the true Messiah say to us today? Would it be the same message that He gave so long ago? And what was His actual message, so long ago?

A great writer has attempted to deal with these questions in the form of a novel, and because of them Sholem Asch's "The Nazarene" is much more than a novel. Over and above the richness of the historical background presented—involving years of research and, what is more important, years of meditation upon it—over and above the vividness of the narrative and the intense reality of the characters, rises a surrounding atmosphere pregnant with semi-philosophical, semi-mystical meanings.

The novel is thrown into what seems at first sight an artificial, romantic framework, which the reader may perhaps not come to accept until he is halfway through the book, when he will see that it is really an integral part of the whole. The narrator, a Polish Jew living in yesterday's city of Warsaw, is drawn into a strange, magnetic relationship compounded of attraction and repulsion, with a learned anti-Semitic scholar, one Pan Vidomsky, who has lost caste through the production of forged documents of the time of Christ but who has also discovered genuine documents and in addition possesses a quite unaccountable detailed knowledge of some of the events of that period. Finally, Pan Vidomsky, whom one suspects of being half-mad, declares himself to have been Cornelius, the Roman ciliarch of Jerusalem under Pontius Pilate, and dictates a long and very convincing account of his rule, including an eye-witness description of Salome's fatal dance, a narrative of intimate acquaintance with the courtesan, Mary of Migdala, and a version of the Sermon on the Mount as he heard it delivered by Yeshua of Nazareth himself. This is followed by a fragment of the lost gospel of Judah Ish-Kiriot, carrying the ministry of Yeshua up to the point of his entrance into Jerusalem. Here the Polish narrator, enwebbed in the past, recalls his own experience as Jochanan, one of the disciples of Rabbi Nicodemon the Pharisee, telling how his master

Jesus and the Woman of Samaria, by Gustav Doré.

had spoken on Jesus's behalf during his trial before the Sanhedrim, and giving a report of the crucifixion derived from another disciple, Rufus, who was actually present at the scene. After this climax we are gradually brought back to our own time, and the book ends with the death of Pan Vidomsky.

Outlined in this way, "The Nazarene" is plainly a fantastic tale; yet such is the skill of Sholem Asch that long before the end it has ceased to be such for the reader. The constant shifts back and forth between past and present are so well managed that one eventually fails to mark them and lives, like the characters, in a time that includes both. This larger time-world is made up of a complicated series of perspectives, and perspectives within perspectives; the perspective of the modern anti-Semite, Pan Vidomsky, and within it, as a part of it, the perspective of the fascist-minded Roman ciliarch, Cornelius; the perspective of Judah Ish-Kiriot, who in his fragmentary gospel includes a narrative by Miriam, the mother of Yeshua; thus giving us her perspective also; and finally the perspective of the Polish narrator, including that of Jochanan the disciple of Nicodemon, which includes that of the other disciple, Rufus.

One might dwell on a hundred points of interest that arise in the course of these narratives and sub-narratives. The uneasy arrogance of the Roman garrison in the midst of the conquered Jews, the upper-class psychology of the wealthy Sadducees licking the boots of their Roman rulers, the Messianic frenzy of the populace, are all splendidly given. The pathos of the relationship between Yeshua and his mother is unsurpassably rendered. The interpretation of Judah Ish-Kiriot is strikingly original. The account of the crucifixion is almost unbearably poignant. "The Nazarene" is a great book, full of great moments. But beyond its separate merits, its interlocking narratives, its complex psychologies, has it a still further purpose?

The ending makes clear that it has. In direct contradiction of all four of the Gospels, Sholem Asch attributes the arrest and execution of Jesus to the Romans, with the priest and Sadducees acting simply as their agents. Pilate, shown in the Gospels as wishing to save the life of Jesus, is represented as seeking his death. He is not even allowed by the author to ask his famous question, "What is truth?" Jesus is defended by Nicodemus the chief of the Pharisees, a character who appears in the Gospels but not in that role. Not "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" were the last words of Jesus, but, according to Sholem Asch, "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God the Lord is One." In other words, the author goes to extreme limits in claiming Jesus of Nazareth for the Jews.

Considering what Christians have made of their Christ, and are still making of him in the year 1939, no one of them is entitled to resent that claim. But it would have been better, I think, to rest it on the record instead of departing from the record. No one familiar with the Old Testament prophets can fail to recognize that Jesus represented the same stream of influence. His essential Jewishness is beyond question. Why then force the point home by dubious means?

One does not wish to end, however, on a note of derogation. Were there many more blots of this kind on its face, "The Nazarene" would still remain the masterpiece that it is.

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The Life of a River

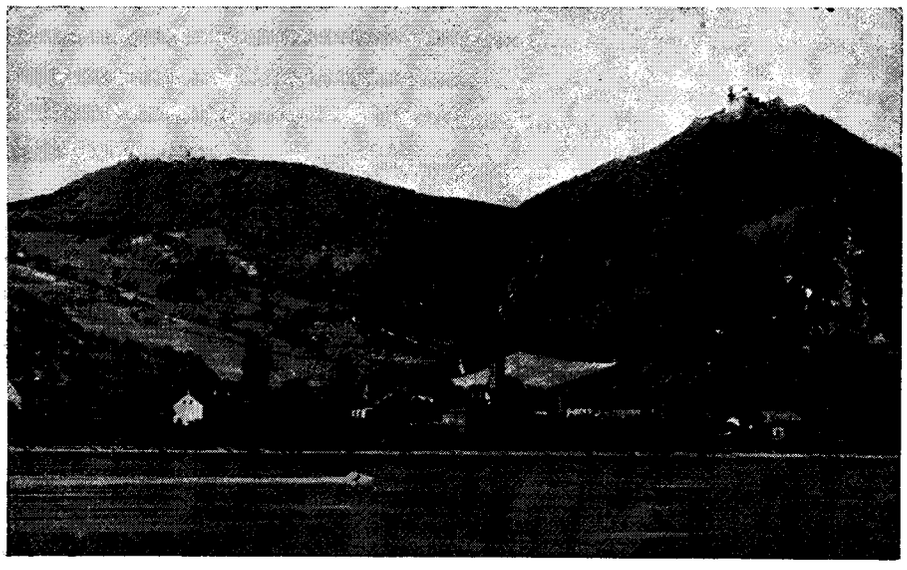
THE DANUBE. By Emil Lengyel. New York: Random House. 1939. 482 *pp., with index.* $3.75.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

IN this biography of a river, Emil Lengyel does for the Danube what Emil Ludwig did recently for the Nile, following it from source to mouth in a travelogue which combines picturesque description, history, journalism, and geo-politics. The Danube is not less important to Europe than the Nile is to Africa, nor a less vital influence on the lives of the peoples along its banks, but the life histories of the two rivers are otherwise a striking contrast: the Nile rises in darkness and moves towards light, forms itself out of diversity into unity, while the Danube, rising at the heart of Western civilization, within sight of the Rhine and the Vosges, in the old, stable, unified culture of southwest Germany, flows towards the bewildering complexity of the Balkans, through lands becoming less stable and less civilized along every reach of its course, until just before it empties into the Black Sea it brushes the Dobrudja, a wild chunk of primitive darkness almost as little known to most Europeans, for all its bustling oil port and its Roman memories, as equatorial Africa. Beyond Budapest history has seemed to flow backwards. But Western Europe is now pushing down stream again; in the impact of that thrust on the chaos of splintered peoples whose fragments litter lower Danubia the future of Europe may be decided.

The key factors are, of course, the Vienna gate—"whoever is master of Vienna is master of the Danube valley,"—and the Bohemian bastion—"whoever is master of Bohemia is master of Europe." Six weeks ago the guns began to go off in a war whose undeclared objective was to repair the weakness which surrendered the two keys to Central Europe with no shot fired. This book was then already at the printer's. But the manuscript was not finished until after March of this year, and the consciousness of grave events impending has affected its tone. It is still a travelogue, still an entertaining armchair journey, ornamented by glimpses of picturesque customs and enlivened by anecdotes sometimes more amusing than pertinent or trustworthy, but the author has done his best to present and to relate to one another the main aspects of the terrifically complicated political problem, as if he foresaw that, instead of packing his volume next to Baedeker for a peaceful summer's excursion, his readers would be propping it beside their newspapers while they grappled with the march of events in unfamiliar places. After all, this is the only popular book on the Danubian problem as a whole.

This reviewer cannot certify the accuracy of all of its details, nor the soundness of all its views. "Experts!" one harried statesman cried when the 1919 treaties were being drafted, "There are no Balkan experts! There are only special pleaders." But Mr. Lengyel is an honest and well-informed special pleader who does not conceal his assumptions or his sources, and whose cause will appeal to most men of good will. The neglected lesson of the Danube, he says, is that rivers are meant to unite, not to divide. The tragedy of the Danube is that what should have been a highway has been made a frontier. If Europe is ever to have peace, if the broken peoples of the Balkans are not to be made the victims of one more exploiting empire, the dissident nationalisms of the Danube valley must be sunk in a federal unity, a United States of Danubia, as an essential preliminary to the United States of Europe. It is not impossible. After the last war the statesmen of the west made a ghastly mess of southeastern Europe, but men can learn from experience; let us hope that it is not too late to profit by the lesson.



Klosterneuburg on the Danube

Tusitala

HOME FROM THE SEA: ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON IN SAMOA. By Richard A. Bermann. Translated by Elizabeth Reynolds Hapgood. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1939. 280 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by T. MORRIS LONGSTRETH

WHEN the Nazis jailed the late Dr. Bermann in Vienna, he had copious memories to fall back upon. He not only had had an important career as war correspondent, literary critic, and novelist in Europe, but also had traveled up the Amazon, to Alaska, into Africa, and Polynesia. Fourteen years ago he climbed Mt. Vaea, in Samoa, and conceived the idea of a book which would present the man Robert Louis Stevenson rather than the famous author in his exotic setting. Looking down from the graves of Stevenson and his wife upon Vailima, where Tusitala had reached the zenith of his happiness and his work, Dr. Bermann decided to collect every item of fact and color in the family's last two years there and tell the story over.

The result, this book, is a success. It is more than a mosaic of the sources, the "Letters," Stevenson's articles in the London *Times,* and the writings of others. Although the author has invented nothing, changed nothing, he has cleaned the old canvas. The lights have been arranged to fall on less well remembered corners of Louis's kingdom. Dr. Bermann talked with some of the aged Samoans who had known Stevenson. He could judge at first hand what Stevenson had meant to them. He stocked his mind with physical detail. Then, melting all the truths together, he recreated those brief semi-barbaric two years in this narrative, and it is the next best thing to having been a guest at Vailima.

I thought I knew my Stevenson, but I was entranced afresh by this vivid repicturization of that real-life Samoan Nights Entertainment. I was annoyed all over again by Tusitala's persistent meddling in local politics at the expense of his writing. Dr. Ber-

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mann devotes perhaps half of his book to Stevenson's involvement in the teapot war between Mataafa and Laupepa. He has one fascinating chapter on how Stevenson nearly joined the rebels, and a thrilling one on how Stevenson nearly shot a king.

Again I realized how much Robert Louis longed for his men friends, how he was irked at times by petticoat government; and nothing could be more fascinating than to speculate on what might have happened if Stevenson had escaped with Count von Wurmbrand to that still lonelier South Sea island of Nassau which the Count had bought for him. Would "Weir of Hermiston" have been finished? Would Stevenson have become somebody else?

Old Stevenson lovers will find nothing to irritate them here, no distortion, no cloying eulogy. Probably they will read on in gratified delight forgetting, as I did, that the text is a translation. And if it sends them, as it sent me, back to the "Letters," they will take back with them a fresh realization of the man who sat at the head of all his princely magnificence.

Eastward Ho!

THE TORGUTS: A Novel of Asia. By W. L. River. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1939. 364 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by KATHARINE ANTHONY

THE literature of folk migration seems to be growing apace. The writers on the subject do not appear to imitate each other; the theme so to speak is in the air. A few years ago the moving pictures called "Grass" and "The Covered Wagon" left an unforgettable impression. Early this year came "The Grapes of Wrath," a novel which has since grown to be almost a national epic. Now we have "The Torguts," by W. L. River, the tale of a folk migration beginning on the Volga and ending in the Chinese province of Sungaria. Though it deals with a people as singular as a Mongol tribe and with a background as strange as the Siberian steppes, it compares in humanity and vividness with John Steinbeck's epic.

The historical facts behind Mr. River's story are, briefly, these. The Torguts were an Oriental people dwelling at one time within the confines of Russia, just as the Bashkirs, the Kalmucks, and the Kirghiz still dwell there. But the Torguts rebelled against Empress Catherine the Second and left the country. In blood and tears they left it. Passing the forts and rivers, tortured by blizzards and desert heat, harried by Cossacks and Asiatic savages, and weakened within by suffering and dissension, they still persisted till they arrived, intact as a horde, in the land of their origin. To the legend of this pilgrimage Mr. River lends his distinguished talent for drama and description. The passage through the desert cannot but remind one of the similar transit in "The Grapes of Wrath." Nor is the ultimate failure of the Torguts to find freedom in the Promised Land at all unlike the final tragic disillusionment of Mr. Steinbeck's Americans in California.

The migration of the great horde is made more real through the experiences of the hero, Subutai. During the pilgrimage of his people, Subutai vaults from boyhood to manhood, so intensely does he live on the perilous way. His friendship with Vasilov represents one of the few contacts the Torguts have made with the Russians while in their land. The Princess Cedar-chab, Subutai's beloved, gradually changes in the progress of the journey from a fickle, boyish girl into a thinking, fearless woman. Other characters one might expect to find in such a stirring folk drama are the vacillating, time-serving leader Ubasha; the greedy capitalist Gedesu; the matriarchal Grandma; the traitorous pro-Russian Zebek; and the bitter and deprived wife, Ghashun. None of these seem to be specimens of a strange, slant-eyed people but beings of the same bone and flesh as ourselves.

This is especially true of the young Mongol hero, Subutai. He is not only a man of action but a man of thought as well. While the storms and lightnings of adventure play around him, wisdom and poetry flower in his soul. The author has wreathed this Subutai with blossoms of philosophy culled partly from the Orient and partly from his own imaginings. The whole work bespeaks an imagination that borders on intuition, that rare and elusive component of an author's creative phantasy. In its delicate and accurate impact lies the secret of this beautiful novel.

Katharine Anthony, who has written on feminism and industry as well as a number of historical biographies, is the author among other works of a life of Catherine the Great.

Montrose and His Princess

THE BRIDE. By Margaret Irwin. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1939. 401 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by L. CABOT HEARN

JUST as "The Proud Servant" was the earlier story of Montrose, and "The Stranger Prince" the story of Rupert of the Rhine, so is "The Bride" devoted to Louise, the most amazing of Prince Rupert's sisters, and to the great Scottish Marquis, James Graham.

The historical background of the novel is, in brief, that period of English history when Rupert took his hard-raised fleet to Ireland, when Montrose came to The Hague to advise Prince Charles against 'the master fiend, Argyll," now despot of Scotland, and when Argyll's own Commissioners arrived to win Charles to their side. Ormonde raises the Standard of the King in Ireland, and Cromwell comes to crush the revolt, thereby preventing Rupert from helping Montrose in Scotland. Thus Montrose's attempt to raise Scotland for the King is doomed to failure.

From the jacket design of "The Bride."

The romance between Louise and Montrose was fated from the first. She never became his bride, but, after his death, a Bride of Christ in a convent on the Oise. Sophie married the Elector of Hanover. Rupert, under Charles II, finally retired from remaking England and spent his time in scientific experiment. All this is history. But Margaret Irwin's telling of the human story of these people who moved through such stirring events, centering her attention upon Louise and Montrose, is another of her remarkable re-creations. I think there has been no better account of Montrose's great effort for Charles II, and of his tragic and immortal end.

In this book, as in "The Proud Servant," this great man lives and breathes. All the glamour of that dramatic and romantic time is here, but no falsification of history. Cromwell, a distant and strange figure, is caught in a phrase Rupert remembers, "A man who has a genius for practical organization plus a morbid hysteria." And so Margaret Irwin has greatly completed a many-colored historical canvas which originated with "Royal Flush." A splendid achievement.

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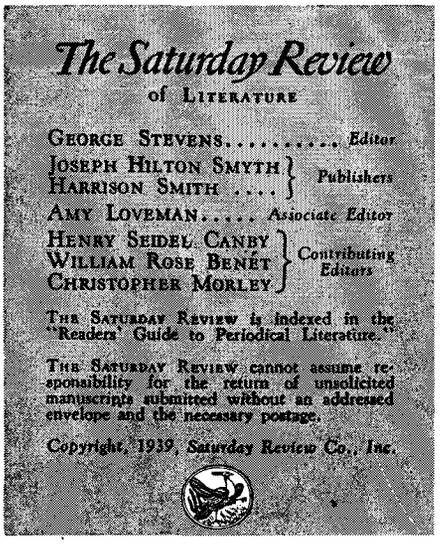
The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Clio's House

IT is usually possible for us human beings to distinguish between a Percheron and a Morgan without claiming that only one of them is *really* a horse, or even that one of them is better than the other. It is harder for us to distinguish between an Irish setter and a Pomeranian without implying that somehow one is more like what a dog should be than the other. There are probably at least as many different kinds of historians as there are different kinds of dogs and horses. Yet if we think that Carlyle is a good historian, we commonly treat Stubbs as no historian at all—a mere antiquarian, a Dryasdust; or at least we put it that Carlyle is the complete historian, Stubbs only a one-sided grubber in the raw material of history. In a warm defense of Carlyle as a historian, Miss Louise M. Young, in a book recently issued,* makes clear that she thinks most "scientific" historians writing since Ranke set the misleading slogan "as it really happened" have hardly deserved the name of historian. She is, perhaps, only redressing the balance; certainly "scientific" historians have for the last generation or two been loud in their condemnation of their "literary" predecessors, men like Carlyle, Froude, and Macaulay, whom they accused of preferring rhetoric to fact.

It would no doubt be scandalous, and perhaps inaccurate, to suggest that the whole debate as to whether history should be an art or a science is about on the level of a debate as to whether a horse should be a Percheron or a Morgan. Man is an incurably evaluating animal. There is a story—which Mr. Lowes himself declares to be wholly apochryphal—about a debate between J. L. Lowes and the late Irving Babbitt over the old question of "classic" and "romantic" literature, to which Mr. Lowes sought to make an end by remarking to the bitterly anti-romantic Babbitt, "Well, at least you'll admit that 'in my Father's house are many mansions.'" "Ah, yes," Babbitt is said to have replied, "but they're not all on the same floor!" Even if we decide that Tacitus, Mabillon, Gibbon, Carlyle, Ranke, Mr. Philip Guedalla, and the Ph.D. who has just finished counting the cotton looms in Massachusetts in 1860 must all be called historians, we shall still feel obliged to rank them, to insist that some are greater or better historians than others.

There is no harm, however, in resting occasionally from the pleasant task of evaluating, and contenting one's self with classifying and describing. Under the name of history, and indeed under other names such as biography, criticism, the novel, sociology, and philosophy, there are books enough written and in the writing to defy the most patient systematizer. If we accept the "new" historian's definition of his subject, anything within two covers becomes history. Even within the narrower traditional notions of what history is, the subject is protean enough.

If we take the whole body of what commonly is catalogued as historical writing, the most important element is what the etymology of the word suggests: the story. From Herodotus on, historians have been tellers of tales, men who could keep an audience interested in what happened next. A great deal of critical writing has tried to fix the differences between historical and fictitious narrative, to define the role of what is grandly and vaguely called imagination in historical writing, to establish the relation between a narration of events and events themselves. But we know a good story when we read it, and we know some of the best of them are told by historians. Carlyle, incidentally, was an admirable story-teller when he could control his style and his metaphysics sufficiently, and it is one of the weaknesses of Miss Young's book that she does not bring this fact out clearly enough. Look again at Carlyle's description of the taking of the Bastille, or at his account of the mutiny at Nancy, if you have come to think of him as no more than an outmoded prophet. Professional "scientific" historians have been a little ashamed of the association of history with story-telling, and there is no doubt that in their practice they have sometimes seemed anxious to prove themselves good scientists by being awkward narrators. Even in our own times, however, narration has held its own in the work of historians like G. M. Trevelyan and Elie Halévy.

There is another kind of historian, or rather, another temperament in writers who turn to writing about the past, which it is harder to name. We find it early, in Thucydides for instance. It is what makes the essayist or the critic rather than the novelist, the reflective, generalizing temperament. At one extreme, this temperament turns easily towards systematic philosophy, and may attain to a contempt for the minutiae of daily life which lifts it quite out of mere history. At the other extreme it may content itself with slightly connected series of aphorisms and observations, escaping from history into journalism or essay-writing. But a good deal of very great history in the formal sense has been written by men who were rather critics, or even what the French call *politiques et moralistes,* than story-tellers. The temperament is at its most evident, in some respects, in an excellent historian who is not ordinarily labeled a historian—Sainte-Beuve.

When men of this generalizing temperament decide that they must build themselves a coherent system, must put their mental lives under one roof, so to speak, it is fair to call them philosophers. Some philosophers have tried to build their houses with historical materials, and some of them have actually called themselves philosophers of history. The term has, for a number of reasons, some of them tied up with solid little professional vanities, never been in good repute, and it is now in pretty generally bad repute. But it is a fact that some men try to find in history, not merely interesting stories, not even elevating ones, not merely useful or penetrating observations about the behavior of their fellows, but a good clear answer to all their questions as to man's fate. St. Augustine found his answer in history. Hegel found his answer there. And today, though they may not like to be called philosophers, men like Mr. Sorokin and Mr. Toynbee are finding their answers in history. It seems likely that even the "scientific" objective historians who have controlled most academic chairs of history since Ranke really were trying to find their answers there too; and thought they had the answer in the magic word Science. Nowadays, however, it is gradually dawning on them that science doesn't even ask that kind of question.

Finally, there are the poor creatures Carlyle overwhelmed with the name of Dryasdust. These are the antiquarians, the men who love to dig up facts long buried in libraries and archives. Even the "scientific"

(*Continued on page* 16)

THOMAS CARLYLE AND THE ART OF HISTORY. By Louise M. Young. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. 1939. 219 pp. $2.

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Letters to the Editor: *"Progress and Poverty"; "Americans and Poetry"*

Henry George

SIR:—Mr. Chamberlain's article on "The Legacy of Henry George," in your issue of September 25, is full of interest to Georgists, like myself. In it there is much with which many of us will agree, but there is also much in which we will differ, and some of his argument is inconclusive and not carried through. His argument regarding "honest men who have traded the proceeds of industry for securities whose yield is based on ecomonic rent" and the conclusion that they would be penalized is a bit vague and leaves one with an unsatisfied feeling. True, they would lose the opportunity for future speculative gain, resulting from the advance in our common life, but they would gain enormously by the untaxing of the use of such lands, now so often worse than profitless. The land-owner would be vastly better off were we to untax the use and the product of land, for that advantage would far outweigh any added levy on the land values, and it would be only the dog-in-the-manger speculator, holding his land out of use, who would suffer. Why worry about him? His idle land employs no one, produces nothing, consumes nothing, and adds not a whit to our general well-being.

I wonder if your readers generally appreciate the rapid strides which the philosophy of George is making today and how much it is being read and studied. In the lists of the best-sellers of all time, "Progress and Poverty" is generally omitted, and yet this book outsells all other works on economics, steadily and persistently. Published sixty years ago, it still sells, in America alone, at a rate of some fifteen thousand copies each year and recently new translations and editions have appeared in the Danish and the Dutch languages in which they are meeting with large sale. Of how many books in the field of economics and politics, does such a condition obtain after more than half a century? The fact of it is that more and more are we getting to see that in George's philosophy we have a sound, just, and constructive program which will do much to get us out of the turmoil of today.

GILBERT M. TUCKER.

Albany, N. Y.

Mr. Bacon's Article

SIR:—You have your conscience, of course, but you will never know how you are getting along with your readers unless they tell you.

For me the special articles in the *Review* have a permanent rather than a periodical quality. In these three weeks Thoreau and Defoe from masterly hands and now today (it is Canadian Thanksgiving day) I write to tell you that I have never read in the *S.R.L.* a better piece than "Americans and Poetry" by Leonard Bacon.

Mr. Bacon gives many evidences of having sanity, a rare quality to bring to the consideration of poetry. So, on this Thanksgiving Day I thank him and I thank you.

LOUISE BLAKE DUFF.

Welland, Ontario.

"He's plagiarizing a short story."

Involuntary Propaganda

SIR:—Mr. Henry Hazlitt, in his article on Literature and Propaganda, has undoubtedly made a valuable contribution to the analysis of propaganda in literature, but he has set himself an impossible task. Desirable though it might be to limit the term propaganda to a certain kind of novel conceived in a certain way and written for a certain purpose, in actual practice it is not possible so to limit the word that it will have anything but the vaguest of meanings from a literary point of view.

All novels are propaganda in a sense, and although this statement may be considered by Mr. Hazlitt to be the most ordinary of commonplaces, it is a fact that it is impossible to get away from. For although it is true that some novels may be said to contain much more propaganda than others, it not only is not possible to indicate the exact point where propaganda begins or ceases, but it is quite impossible to determine from the examination of any novel whether the propaganda it contains has been put there consciously or whether it is the inevitable and not necessarily undesirable concomitant of any expression of personal opinion.

Mr. Hazlitt says that Mrs. Stowe wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to bring about a certain specific reform. That is very true. But it carries within it the force and sincerity that "The Jungle" carried fifty years later and "The Grapes of Wrath" carries today. However much Mrs. Stowe may have wanted to change the conditions of the southern slave, she wanted equally to present a certain emotional experience of her own so that other people would understand it.

Critics are perhaps too likely to believe that the novels they are reading today are propaganda, while the novels they read yesterday or a decade ago were art or were written simply to amuse. As a matter of fact the novels of D. H. Lawrence are quite as much propaganda for a certain way of living and a certain way of feeling as any social novel is today. And the novels of John Galsworthy are in that sense propaganda as well.

In fact art and propaganda absolutely exclude each other, and yet, paradoxical though it may sound, they always exist together when the propaganda is effective. But when they do exist together it is important to remember that it is the propaganda which loses its identity and not the art.

LOUISE DAVIES.

Ventura, Cal.

Cartoon

SIR:—Very amusing, that cartoon about the "Grapes of Wrath" in your issue of October 7. Best damn cartoon you've ever had.

DAVID ROSENDALE.

La Porte, Colo.

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Five-Day Adventure

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY. By W. Somerset Maugham. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1939. 314 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

FIRST of all, it must be said without quibbling reservations that "Christmas Holiday" is a first-rate novel, almost the best of the fifteen novels Somerset Maugham has written during the past forty-two years. It lacks the intense sincerity, the sweep, the autobiographical power of "Of Human Bondage," but is its superior in form and style. "Christmas Holiday" is a short novel—really an extended anecdote—brilliantly written, and enriched by Maugham's peculiar gifts: a never-failing lucidity and a frequent beauty of style, the astringent humor, the easy summoning to life of a group of diverse characters, a gripping story, and an unobtrusive, gently ironic, but never captious interpretation of character and event.

In other words "Christmas Holiday" conforms perfectly to the author's conception of a good novel, often expressed and defined in his critical prefaces: it has an absorbing story, an agreeable style free of irritating eccentricities, a group of living and diversified characters who are interesting in themselves, the whole novel quietly stamped with the author's private view of the universe. Somerset Maugham does not write his novels in a vacuum. In "Christmas Holiday" he shows, for instance, that he is aware of the nature of dictators and dictatorships, and of threatening economic and social revolutions in this brave or cowardly new world; he implies a shrewd understanding of the important cultural forces of our day. But the emphasis is almost altogether on men and women, on the dark places of the soul, on the unaccountability of human nature.

Because of the detective-story interest of the plot little must be said of the story itself. It is sufficient to say that the young hero on a five-day holiday in Paris has a shattering experience that knocks the bottom out of his seemingly secure and elegantly mannered way of life. Coming from a London home of elegance and conscious culture, he is thrust into a breath-taking, sordid, and harrowing adventure that upsets all his nicely collocated values of art, music, and morality, and destroys his complacent satisfaction in his enviable, well-ordered existence. The somewhat crashing final sentence completes the pattern of the novel and makes unequivocally clear the import of the story.

Some readers will object to a digression in the story—a caricaturing of the hero's parents, their artiness, their self-conscious culture and magnanimity, their glitter and shallowness. But the digression is justified on two counts: it fills out for the purpose of dramatic contrast the hero's environment; moreover it is so highly entertaining in itself that it does not seem to slacken the pace of the narrative.

Admirers of Somerset Maugham—may their tribe increase—can not afford to miss "Christmas Holiday."

A Lost Generation with a Difference

ONLY THE YOUNG. By Elliott Arnold. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1939. 329 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

IN telling the story of Robert Martin, who dreamed that he might some day write "the book of his generation," it is obvious that Elliott Arnold has followed the beckoning of Bob Martin's dream. But he has followed it at a modest distance, not aspiring as greatly as the character of his own creation, and the result is an interesting, thoughtful, candid novel that may be read for the tale's sake alone, or as a minor but respectable contribution to the mass of testimony regarding their lives and times that is being piled up by writers of Martin's, and Arnold's, age.

They are the young Americans who came out of high school and college in the middle nineteen-twenties, only to find that the world in which they had prepared to live was no longer waiting for them. Or, at best, that it endured a few short years. For many of them, it seemed, nothing was waiting but despair. "You associate hopelessness with old people. . . . But there's something horrible about a boy of twenty-two being hopeless." Theirs was a lost generation with a difference.

Bob Martin and Earl and Roy grew up together in Inwood, on the northern tip of Manhattan Island, but from the first Roy was really an alien in the trio, because his father was well off and Roy was destined for Princeton and the flesh-pots of the Street. Bob could barely manage three years of college between high school and wage-earning, but Earl had to go straight to work. Bob, who meant to learn to be a writer and a good one, went from college into a newspaper job, and stuck. Earl, who had found a place with an insurance company, was a victim of the crash and descended from insurance to chain-store groceries. Then, when the depression deepened, he was forced to work on a part-time, starvation basis. Wall

Elliott Arnold

Street staggered, Roy's father's business collapsed, and with it Roy's arrogance and hopes. Desperation and bewilderment pushed Earl to the left, finally into the Communist Party. Roy sought solace in gin, damned Roosevelt, and discovered the beauties of fascism.

Meantime Bob Martin, who through his newspaper work was touching life at many points and depths, could not resolve his problems so simply. The party lines were being drawn, but neither side convinced him. "I envy the Communists and the Fascists and Nazis one thing: they have something to believe in," he said. "It must be a wonderful thing to be able to believe." Bob Martin had to go on fighting inside himself, looking for the right answers. It was in Europe that he found them, or the most important one of those he sought. In Germany and Russia he discovered his own country, discovered the meaning and value of Americanism, and formulated his creed. There had been a raw deal in America, but it was still the best deal on earth. Earl was dead in Spain, but the place for those like him was at home; that was where their fighting should be done.

As I have said, "Only the Young" is an interesting novel. It is spiced, too, with good reporting. Elliott Arnold is still at his best in his description of incidents, in scenic evocation: a detective manhandling a cheap prostitute; a bread line; Joe Lennox dying; a double execution at Sing Sing; foreign newspapermen chinning in the Metropole Bar in Moscow,—these are most memorable. With character the author is less sure. Earl is a shadow, and Roy a feeble caricature. The reporter in Elliott Arnold is not yet subservient to the novelist, or it might be more accurate to say that the novelist is not yet fully developed. Reporters write about men and women: novelists write them into being.

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Foreigners in Peking

LADY WITH JADE. By Margaret Mackprang Mackay. New York: The John Day Co. 1939. 510 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by J. P. MARQUAND

PEKING is one of the most magically beautiful cities in the world, and until the present "troubles," life nowhere had a similar ease and charm. Down to the lowest coolie Peking had the best manners, the most accomplished craftsmen, the best-trained servants, and a variety of customs, sights, and sounds, forever changing, forever new. The old capital of the Mings and Manchus welcomed tolerantly the eccentricities of diplomats, foreign soldiers, cruise passengers, and unattached and maladjusted wanderers, who could have a house there and six servants for about what it cost to support a two-room apartment with a general maid in New York, and yet it never lost its own mysterious, untouched integrity.

Mrs. Margaret M. Mackay has joined other women of her craft in putting a great many of the overtones and lights and shades of that city in the pages of her novel "Lady with Jade." She has also managed to create a character that has more of a satirical implication than perhaps she intended. Her novel is the story of an American girl, Moira Chisholm, who fell in love with the lacquers, the jades, the scrolls, the textiles, and the ivories and ceramics of China. She fell in love with them and with the city that displayed them, and her love was so strong that no man could take her away. In the end, her curio shop, The Jade Lute, her houses and, above all, the Northern Capital absorbed her.

"The author," one reads on the dust jacket, "shows her skill in fitting words like music to her theme, so that the whole becomes a rare poem of beauty." It happens that this reviewer's idea of beauty and his ideas of Peking do not wholly coincide with those of Mrs. Mackay, although she knows her China better than he does. He does not happen to share Moira's love for making gadgets, and he does not like her taste, but just the same Moira is a person, and a peculiar product of America. If Moira lived on Cape Cod, she would be making magazine racks out of cranberry scoops and chandeliers out of ox yokes. Since she lives in China, she can work in a larger field of creative interpretation. She can make an evening coat out of Grandpapa Wu's old courtesy vest, and buttons out of the bamboo whistles they tie on pigeons, and ash trays from Chinese irons, and swizzle sticks from old jade hairpins.

So Moira lived and loved and worked creatively, managing her servants, her dogs and her cat, from 1928 to the summer of the present year, when we leave her walking near one of the Palace Lakes, resigned to share the fate of the city she has adopted. She was hard, self-centered, given to bursts of temper, and she knew it, but could not help it. She went out, cool and aloof as jade, in the European society of the Legations. Her friends were the native curio dealers and a few rather obnoxious foreign residents. She slaved in her shop and she waited for the cruise tourists to come and buy. After she divorced her husband, who was in the Marines, an odd sort of a newspaper man wanted to marry her, and then a nice French boy, next to Moira the most convincing character in the book, and finally a British diplomat. Her great interest, aside from her shop, was giving herself a perfect setting in her houses—a shallow, artificial life against a majestic background.

Margaret Mackprang Mackay

This is only the impression that one reader has gained of Moira, and it may not be the interpretation which Mrs. Mackay intended. The theme of the novel is the struggle of Moira's desire for love and life with her passion for "things" coupled with her creative bent. It is not a satisfactory theme for a long book, because the struggle is almost nil, and repeats itself in a succession of mental conflicts which can have only one result, and which leave Moira unchanged. True, there is an attempt to show a development of her taste and outlook, but Moira is a type which is impervious to experience. In spite of the efforts to develop her, she is about the same girl at the end as at the beginning. But this very tediousness makes Moira's story a valuable and lively commentary on a familiar aspect of European life in China.

Moira is like so many others who have loved that country, and who have not done much for it or for themselves by living there. The great European days of Peking are over, with the polo and the white ties and the white gowns of the house boys and the gardens and the moon gates. They are over, but the melon vendors still raise their voices beyond the walls in season, and the lotos still grows in the lakes, and the yellow dust swirls up the streets in the windy weather. They are over, and when one thinks of Moira and her jades and lamps, perhaps it is just as well. There was never a happier life than the existence led by the foreigners of Peking, and never a life more insecurely poised on shifting sands.

Finland and the Tyrant

SUN AND STORM. By Unto Seppänen. Translated by Kenneth C. Kaufman. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1939. 438 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by AGNES ROTHERY

THIS is a book of exceptional merit. It possesses every ingredient required to make a first-class novel: a romantic setting of a remote and little known country, a powerful theme of an ambitious peasant dominating successive generations of the family he founded, and a plot which is concerned with the century-long struggle of Finland against her tyrant, Russia. Those who have visited that country of chill lakes and darkly forested islands and a stern-faced people will recapture in these chapters the scent of the pines, the sound of the sea, the quiet movement of life on the farm, and the radiance of the white summer night. Those who have never been to Finland could hardly find a more appealing presentation of its outward appearance and inward force.

Against such an impressive background move characters as savage as a Finnish winter, as tender as a Finnish springtime. And out of these characters grow, with irresistible impulsion, the excruciating and finally triumphant plot which has a regrettable timeliness. For it deals with a small Baltic country fighting for its existence against its one-time master and all-time enemy—Russia. This book shows the Finns' physical and emotional capacity for sustained and terrific fighting. It is a man-sized, virile, and perceptive book. The cosmic passion which rushes through the narrative is reflected in smaller compass, but not in lesser intensity, in the life of

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each of the characters. For although the Finns are fanatical nationalists, they are equally fanatical individualists. And no matter how fiercely the flame rages, it never dispels the veil-like mask of mysticism. Ellen's presentiments and visions are as real as Markku's ambition to manage not only his family but destiny. Ristina's resignation, as she accepts a lifetime of expiation, is as overwhelming as Joska's insane fury. No matter how brutal the epic passages, they do not bruise the delicacy of the lyric ones.

There is only one suggestion. The average American starting in on Kenneth C. Kaufman's excellent translation may—and probably will—be confused as to chronology and geography as a Finn might be if he tackled "Gone with the Wind" without being given a single date or a definite locality or an idea as to what all the fighting was about anyhow. For it is not until the reader has reached the last page of "Sun and Storm" that he discovers a translator's note giving the few essential facts. It might be well, in subsequent editions, if this note were placed — or, at least, its existence indicated—at the front of the book.

Glamour Girl of the Eighties

MAUD. Edited and arranged for publication by Richard Lee Strout. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1939. 593 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

THIS is the diary of a minx if there ever was one. It is the journal, or rather succession of journals, kept from April, 1881, to May, 1895, by Isabel Maud Rittenhouse of Cairo, Illinois, who counted her beaux by the dozen, kept the "courtin" ones and "marryin" ones both on the string, generally tried to reform them, and confided to her journal, in the romantic fashion of youth, the attentions of her admirers, their protestations of affection for her and her own candid reflections upon them, the sundry pursuits and emotions that filled her days, and the triumphs and disappointments that came upon her. Isabel Maud, or Maud as she was known to her intimates, made some reputation for herself as a painter (she worked from the nude when that still caused a whispering and a rustling in the parlors of her Middle-Western town) and as an actress whose charms on the amateur stage were sung by the local press and adored by her suitors. She was sweetly serious with her lovers about Temperance and startled herself by carrying off a prize for a novel. She went to parties galore, danced and coquetted, and brought despair on hearts of all ages. At twenty-nine we leave her engaged to a most admirable young physician after a courtship which has been interrupted by an engagement to another man, still, as at the moment, when she made her first entries in her diary, in a dither of excitement over love, and romance, and popularity.

The remarkable thing about Maud is that, despite evidence of real abilities (she had often been told that her mind was a powerful one), she seems to have matured very little in intellect or emotion during the fourteen years in which she kept her diary. In 1895 she is recording the same girlish raptures over her lover, the same flirtations (coquetries her day would undoubtedly have called them), the same enjoyment of the same kind of parties, the same romantic thrills as she did in 1881. Perhaps because her experience was all of a pattern, it did not ripen her. At any rate her journal is very much of a piece. It is far too long, and would have profited enormously by rigorous editing and ruthless cutting. It contained the possibility of an outstanding book, for its material is fresh, lively, and authentic. But it lost its chance at notable distinction by failure to discard a vast mass of repetitive incident and to strip the important of clogging detail.

Nevertheless "Maud" will delight those in the long line of readers who have rejoiced in the annals of a young lady's entrance into the world from the days of Evelina on. And the book is excellent Americana. From it emerges a picture of that period, so near in time, so distant in manners, when sighing swains read poetry to their lady loves or listened to their singing, when only after a long acquaintance they ventured to call a girl by her first name, when they asked the permission of her hand in marriage of her parents, and when propriety demanded the refusal of jewels as presents but approved the gift of a plush-framed thermometer. It is an engaging portrayal of the life of a well brought up young woman in mid-West America in the eighties and nineties of the last century. Even at this late date Maud has the power of charming.

The International Brigade

MEN IN BATTLE. By Alvah C. Bessie. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1939. 354 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JAMES BENÉT

THE story of the Spanish War of 1936-39 has been told often, but it has rarely been told well. So much has been said about its effect on the world's politics, and so many glittering analyses of why and what and who it was have been made, that people hardly can remember that there was for three years a terrible, bloody war. Alvah Bessie, who went to Spain as an International volunteer early in 1938, has told the story of the part of the war he saw, the two big actions of that year, the retreat to the sea and the offensive of the Ebro River, as the Lincoln battalion generally, and he personally, experienced them. And the chief thing about his book, anyone who was there will tell you, is that it is truthful.

Pinchos Horn
Alvah C. Bessie

When Bessie joined the brigade, after a short training period, he was shocked at the appearance of the already world-famous Lincoln Battalion. There were a hundred filthy, lousy, ragged, bearded, and exhausted men, lolling in ditches and talking, in foul language, what was clearly treason. They said they wouldn't go back into action, that they were going to desert. When the time came they went back and fought like the crack troops they were, so brilliantly and bravely that military observers marveled. Yet, "who ever heard of the Fifteenth Brigade doing anything right," they used to say. That was the characteristic of the American volunteers, and for anyone who wishes to study such a curious phenomenon Bessie has written an excellent book. It is worth repeating that every word he has written is true.

In his determination not to exaggerate or distort, Bessie has discarded most of the literary conventions that give a narrative pace and climax. The book, as one reads it at first, seems flat, as if he should have developed and explained the incidents that he clearly and briefly describes, perhaps built a little more of a "story" out of the characters there. But the final result of his method is to let the ugly broken bones of history stick up in all their horror through the level surface of his description.

James Benét spent over a year with the Loyalists in Spain.

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*BOOK PREVIEW**

The Vampire Art

BY

MARGARET FARRAND THORP

From the RKO production "Of Human Bondage."

WHEN Adolf Zukor had the notion of raising the motion picture's standing by presenting films of "Famous Players in Famous Plays," importing the four-reel "Queen Elizabeth" made by Sarah Bernhardt, and starring James K. Hackett, in "The Prisoner of Zenda," he started a fear which is still rampant, the fear that the movies are a vampire art battening on the drama and the novel, on music and the dance, draining away their artists and their audiences, leaving them mere crumbling shells. So cheap, say the fearful, and so readily accessible are the young art's palaces, that anyone may contract the vicious habit of movie attendance and awake one day to find his taste for true theater gone. More ominous still is the foreboding that young people who spend their time at the pictures will gradually cease to read. Soon, it is predicted, they will think that reading requires too great an effort; they will prefer to absorb their necessary ration of romance, adventure, and instruction through the painless medium of the screen. The evenings which used to be devoted to curling up with a good book will now be spent in the foul air of the local Alhambra or Garden.

In the early days of antagonism to the movies as the great enemy of reading the case for the book was always presented on moral grounds. Books are ennobling; movies debased. Books instruct; movies present children with idle and vicious ideas. Nickelodeons were places from which the young needed to be saved, like saloons and poolrooms.

Then the movies began to mount the ladder of prestige. As they screened important novels and successful plays they began to take on the respectability of the originals. Teachers and parents were reluctantly impressed, but immediately they developed a new fear: might not the child who had seen a classic on the screen think that he knew all about it? Might he not feel it quite unnecessary to read the book?

That fear, too, is melting, melting because it is becoming perfectly obvious that the more children go to the movies the more they want to read books. The quickest way of interesting your pupil in a biography or a history or a novel seems to be to connect it with some picture he has recently seen or is about to see.

For a long while the teachers were wary of accepting their own evidence —it looked too easily pleasant to be true, but they are being borne down by a mass of steadily accumulating facts. A high school teacher in Memphis, for instance, has it on grateful record that Ronald Colman in "If I Were King" set her seniors to reading and learning by heart the ballads of François Villon. New Orleans school children were plunged into an orgy of research on local history by the opening of "The Buccaneer." A Superior, Wisconsin, high school had its whole sophomore class reading and rereading "A Tale of Two Cities" before the picture came to town, selecting the scenes they thought would be filmed and discussing the changes it would be necessary to make in putting them on the screen. The Cleveland Public Library reports that when "David Copperfield" was about to appear on the local screen the demand for the book was so great that they bought 132 new copies. That brought their total up to 550 and before, during, and after the run of the film the shelves were bare. Cleveland's 51 copies of "Les Misérables" had been growing dusty, but when the film came to the city they went into steady circulation. The same thing happened with the 40 copies of "The Count of Monte Cristo," the 83 of Somerset Maugham's "Of Human Bondage." The story repeats itself for book after book and city after city. One cites Cleveland only because the librarians there have been pioneers in taking the movie into partnership and because they are zealous and interested in compiling figures.

And the library is not by any means the whole measure of the movies' power. Films can make people not only read books but actually buy them. Look over the book counter at Woolworth's or in any drugstore. There beside Popeye and Mickey Mouse and Snow White are editions of "Tom Sawyer," "The Prince and the Pauper," "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped," "Captains Courageous," with new "classics" added as they are screened. Publishers of both high- and low-priced editions find it good business to learn what standard books are being filmed and to issue reprints, illustrated more often than not with stills from the picture. Publishers of higher-priced editions engage in the same practice. Random House prepared a special "Romeo and Juliet" with comments by Norma Shearer ("Juliet") and Professor William Strunk, academic adviser in the production of the film. Dodd, Mead published a film-illustrated edition of Shaw's "Pygmalion." While "The Life of Emile Zola" was in the theaters Doubleday, Doran reissued Matthew Josephson's "Zola and His Times," the Three Suns Press got out a special edition of "Nana," and Consolidated Book Publishers issued two editions of "Nana," one a replica of the original Paris first.

Another "first" was issued by Twentieth Century-Fox when they produced "Jesse James," a replica of the first dime novel in the famous series. The only variant was the back cover, which

*The following article will constitute part of a chapter of "America at the Movies," by Margaret Farrand Thorp, shortly to be published by the Yale University Press.

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carried a pictorial advertisement for the film. Some thousands of copies were struck off. The publicity department planned to use them as an amusing way of calling the pictures to the attention of editors, critics, and such folk, but the public insisted on buying the dime novels in large quantities. An edition of 500,000 was exhausted in no time and another half million had to be printed.

Is there any sort of book the movies cannot sell? "Snow White," in editions ranging in price from 10c to $2.50, sold more than 20,000,000 copies. The film première of "The Good Earth" shot the sales of that book up to 3,000 a week. More copies of "Wuthering Heights" have been sold since the novel was screened than in all the previous ninety-two years of its existence, and this despite its steady presence on the required reading lists of school and college classes. Whatever its services to literature, the cinema can certainly maintain that it is an ally of the publishing trade.

The ally is not only powerful but brave, for the producer who films a classic walks among spears. The eighty-five million Americans who go to the movies weekly are very jealous for the integrity of masterpieces. As one of the National Board of Review's "Young Reviewers" put it: "When a picture changes the idea of a book I think it is an insult to the author. Seems like when an author writes a classic and it lives through the ages it's presuming to change his plots and ideas."

The literary classics have certainly no reason to regard the movie as a vampire; in the case of the best seller there seems to be a fairly even division of assistance. The producers make their purchases among the book successes of the year not so much because of their adaptability for films—they have bought up "How to Make Friends and Influence People"—as because a large amount of national advertising of the title has already been done. On the other hand, the filming of a book means not only large emoluments for screen rights to the author but also increased sales. The American Institute of Public Opinion has demonstrated strikingly the influence of the movies upon the country's reading. In 1937 and again in 1938 the Institute took a survey through a cross section of the population from New England to California, asking share croppers, professors, housewives, telephone girls, business men, farmers, people working for the WPA, "What is the most interesting book you have ever read?" The answers, tabulated, ran like this:

1937

"The Bible, Gone with the Wind, Anthony Adverse, The Good Earth, The Magnificent Obsession, Green Light, Les Misérables, Ben Hur, David Copperfield, The Count of Monte Cristo, Little Women, Drums Along the Mohawk, American Doctor's Odyssey, Treasure Island, How to Win Friends and Influence People, Uncle Tom's Cabin, All Quiet on the Western Front, The Virginian, Adventures of Tom Sawyer.

1938

"The Bible, Gone with the Wind, Anthony Adverse, The Citadel, How to Win Friends and Influence People, The Good Earth, Ben Hur, Northwest Passage, Little Women, A Tale of Two Cities, Les Misérables, Magnificent Obsession, Adventures of Tom Sawyer, Treasure Island, The Count of Monte Cristo, Robinson Crusoe, Ivanhoe, The Green Light, David Copperfield, Call of the Wild."

"One thing comes immediately to my mind about the leading books in the list [says George Gallup, director of the Institute, in the *New York Times Book Review* of January 15, 1939]. "Nearly all of them have been seized upon by Hollywood as motion picture material. Even the Bible has been screened in part. 'Anthony Adverse' was brought to the screen and became one of the leading 'money' films of 1935. 'The Citadel,' 'The Good Earth,' 'Little Women,' and 'A Tale of Two Cities' have recently been turned into outstanding pictures. Hollywood is preparing to produce a film version of Kenneth Roberts' 'Northwest Passage' and has even scooped up the title rights to Dale Carnegie's personality handbook, 'How to Win Friends and Influence People.' 'Ben Hur,' seventh on the list, is not among the books filmed recently but it was one of the greatest box-office pictures of all time."

Though the films, with rare exceptions, are made from novels the influence of the movies upon books is by no means confined to fiction. They are great promoters also of collateral reading. The appearance in town, for instance, of "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" will sweep public library shelves of every book on India. "Marie Antoinette" creates a hunger for historical knowledge; so do "Suez" and "Marco Polo" and "Union Pacific." "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" emptied Cleveland shelves for months not only of every life of the Brownings but of every copy of the poems of Elizabeth Barrett and the poems of Robert Browning. More than fifteen hundred libraries in different parts of the country are taking advantage of these recurrent bursts of public curiosity by means of an ingenious device worked out by the enterprising Cleveland Public Library. In 1923 Cleveland launched its first "bookmark," a wide strip of stiff paper inserted for a week or so in every book circulated by the Library. The quick eye of the Hays Community Service Department marked the possibilities here. They spread the bookmark idea from Cleveland to other cities. Bookmarks now circulate in fifteen hundred libraries.

Encouraged by the success of the bookmarks the Cleveland Library went on to other inventions. They publish a little periodical, *Books and Films,* listing pictures which "merit library coöperation" with suggestions to librarians on how to coöperate. They arrange display placards with stills from the picture, information about the book from which the film is drawn, and a shelf of books acquaintance with which will make seeing the movie more interesting. The *Library Journal,* national organ of the profession, now publishes suggestions for displays of this kind; the material is furnished by the Hays office and requests for it total in some cases as many as four thousand.

The idea of making the library a source of telephone information about films playing in local theaters, originated in Macon, Georgia, was copied by the public library in Los Angeles, and is now nation-wide. A call to the library in almost any city will give you not only the names of all the films showing in local playhouses but information about cast, director, suitability for youthful audiences, book source, or historical period.

It is difficult in the face of such evidence as this to deny to the motion picture the power of making people read, but the skeptics who feared first that the movies would stop all reading and then that they would present films as substitutes for the literary classics have now another anxiety: aren't the movies vitiating literary taste, creating the impression that the filming, and consequent popularizing, of *any* book is a service to letters? Confusion is worse confounded, the skeptics insist, by the fact that "If I Were King" may very well make a better movie than "A Midsummer Night's Dream," that "Mutiny on the Bounty" is probably more exciting on the screen than "Les Misérables." Is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, they ask, really doing a service to Shakespeare by offering a trip to Stratford-on-Avon to the girl who makes the best scrapbook of stills from "Romeo and Juliet?" What impression of the process of poetic creation will the schoolboy get who sees Rudyard Kipling riding out to battle with the British troops in "Gunga Din" and then turning off a poem by candlelight in his tent as though it were part of the

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Heart, Mind, and Wit

THIS, MY LETTER. By Sara Henderson Hay. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1939. 110 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

IT is six years since Sara Henderson Hay's first volume appeared, and in that time this young poet has gone far to perfect a gift for clear and natural expression. In a day of so many misshapen things, and so great a confusion of shouting and snarling voices, it is good to come upon verse with clean line and penetrating thought precisely expressed—for one reason because, in a phrase of Yeats, "of all things known That is most difficult." It occurs to me that if those who have power upon the opinion of the majority could ever have experienced the discipline imposed upon the spirit by the endeavor to express significant ideas in exact language, the world might now be less at the mercy of the floodtide of lies that threatens to overwhelm it. This poet scrupulously examines her thought and communicates it honestly and clearly. Her title is taken from lines by John Donne, and her poems do convey her own heart, mind, and wit. Though often epigrammatic, there is fire in the crystal, as witness "Heresy Indeed" and the moving "In Memoriam" to the late Thomas Wolfe. She is spirited and amused, wise, compassionate, and yet not without skill at the incisive thrust, as in "Portrait of a Lady." In the section of poems to her small son she presents to us with tenderness and humor the picture of a most actual little boy. In seven lines she defines her faith as faith can only be defined, and her reasoning with God is sagacious. In one or two poems it seems to me that she overruns her ending and yet the additional verses are good in themselves.

There is variety in this book. For one thing, there is the poet's intimate observation of small creatures such as the praying mantis, the grasshopper, the turtle, the snail, and even the hypercritic. In several instances the use of pathetic fallacy is deft, and the speech of the pigeons in "Pigeon English" is, I am positive, what they are really saying. Both the ironic pathos and the courage of mankind are commented upon with understanding, and the analysis of emotion.

This poet does not experiment with form. Her range in rhyme and meter is not great. She accepts certain conventions of statement. All of which does not greatly matter, because her individual touch is on her verse and in it the revelation of a fine and brave nature. Above all I like what I can only call the literacy of her work and its direct intelligibility. So many poets today seem to have an impediment in their speech. It is a virtue in Sara Henderson Hay that to the marriage of thought and word she will not admit impediment.

The Vampire Art

(*Continued from page* 14)

day's newspaper assignment.

Suppose, *on the other hand,* they continue, you film a really immortal masterpiece, will not the screen version of the novel or play have all the shortcomings of an illustrated edition and more besides? What the reader receives first in an illustrated book is not the author's conception of a character but the artist's. The more striking the drawing, the more difficult it is to refocus the impression. The moviegoer introduced to a literary masterpiece by the screen finds himself too often in the position of the college student who bewildered his Shakespeare professor with a paper describing Mercutio as an aged roué. He had first met Mercutio on the screen, played by John Barrymore.

Against such diatribes as these the Better Film Councils and their ilk present the testimony of young people for whom the movies have brought to life plays or stories too complex for them to realize by their unaided imagination. For the unpractised playgoer to visualize stage action as he reads is difficult, especially if he has only the haziest conception of the dress of a sixteenth- or an eighteenth-century gallant, the technique of a duel, or the rhythms of spoken verse. Most of these things, of course, a good teacher can provide, but one cannot always read with a good teacher at his elbow. The sight of characters in their habits as they lived, moving and speaking like human beings, will often, it is argued, illuminate a whole body of literature which has lain confused and dark in a youthful mind.

More difficult to mark because of the subtle individual modifications they undergo are the motion picture influences on the written word. Certainly one is aware of them in the sharp successive pictures unrolling with cinematic swiftness in innumerable modern poems and novels, in the tendency of the short story to become a picture or series of pictures, in the current practice of describing action or background in the manner of the scenario. John Dos Passos, for instance, sets chronology and mood in his novels by rapid-fire paragraphs, made up of captions, headlines, and popular songs, which he calls "Newsreels." Even more striking are the chapter openings in Virginia Woolf's "The Years" which read like poems and at the same time like shooting scripts. They make one wonder whether a technique of script writing for publication may not one day be developed, something akin to the descriptions of rooms and characters in Shaw's published plays. H. G. Wells, that dweller in the future, has already written a novel, "The King Who Was a King," in the form of a scenario. It is not a very good novel but it was written in 1929 before the days of sound. He could do something better now and he probably will or at least he will have emulators. Actual scripts of screen plays are being brought out in book form by established publishing houses and the practice seems to be on the increase. A collection of the "Foremost Films of 1938" has been issued and the editor, Frank Vreeland, intends to make it an annual affair like the O'Brien collections of short stories.

Clio's House

(*Continued from page* 8)

historians, though they would admit that these grubbers often supplied them with necessary materials, were likely to look upon them as the executive heads of a business might look upon mere day laborers. They were necessary to the business, but they didn't deserve any more consideration than low-skilled labor commonly gets. Just how these humble workers in the house of Clio feel about their jobs is not clear. At any rate, they don't often protest, and it seems a little ungenerous for inspired seers like Carlyle to abuse them so loudly. It looks as though they had put in most of the masonry, and some of the decorations.

One thing seems clear about history today. Spengler, not the least modest among philosophers of history, was right about us Faustians. We cannot escape from our historical preoccupations. Nietzsche, as a young man, wrote an essay in which he complained bitterly that Western men were history-ridden, incapable of freeing themselves from a cramping concern for a human, all-too-human past. The rest of his life he spent erecting what is really a fragmentary and, to most people, unlovely and unconvincing philosophy of history. For some time to come, a whole lot of people, from architects to bricklayers, will probably be working on Clio's house. And they won't, at least consciously, all be working on the same plans. They will also take a good deal of time off to quarrel about the plans they think they are working on. They always have. And yet the building, as it now stands, is no mean one. It has innumerable rooms—not all, of course, on the same floor.

CRANE BRINTON

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The War and the Prophets

(*Continued from page* 4)

named to see that there is no next war. There are exceptions, of course. In "Last and First Men" the next war is an incident; in John S. Martin's "General Manpower" it is an accident, of short duration and localized effect. The typical future war story, however, makes the conflict formidable, world-embracing.

When the authors have too much information to crush cities from the air—as most of them have since the experience of Madrid and Barcelona have demonstrated that is not so easy to bomb a city to death — they seek some other method of convincing the reader that this next war will be peculiarly destructive and ferocious. Sometimes this is the spread of an epidemic, a new Black Death. H. G. Wells uses this device—the "maculate fever"—in "The Shape of Things to Come." So does Susan Ertz; the German future war stories of Siodmak, von Hannstein, and others make it almost a convention.

In one case — S. Fowler Wright's "War of 1938"—the horror effect is attempted by having the combatants begin operations with the bombardment of each others' art galleries. The result is not quite what the author intended. In one other case, the effect is achieved by narrowing the field of observation to that of a single family—Shute's "Ordeal."

By far the most common technique for stirring the reader, however, is that of showing the next war as sweeping away the fixed points of civilization, the safeguards with which our lives are customarily surrounded. This, of course, cuts across the air-bombardment tale, the effects of violent air raiding appealing to many authors as the surest way of breaking down normal life. Thus "Ordeal" leans heavily on the reaction of the individual to the indirect results of the lightning from the skies—the interruption of the services on which city life is based — electricity, gas, milk, telephones, and above all, water and sewers.

In "The Red Napoleon" the breakdown is of another kind. America is invaded through Canada, the good feeling on the north on which we are accustomed to count becomes a liability through the crash of the British Empire. "The Hopkins Manuscript" (R. C. Sherriff) presents a Europeanized version of what is really the same idea—an exhausting conflict in Europe preventing the white races from realizing that Asia is on the march. In fact, "Russia stooping from the Caucasus to bind the nations one by one" is quite a common final note of terror. It occurs in "The Red Napoleon," in Gobsch's "Death Rattle," is implicit in "General Manpower" and in "Last and First Men."

As we are accustomed to accept a friendly Canada, so are we accustomed to the idea of a weak Mexico. General Ared White in "Attack on America" gives us a Mexico which is a strong puppet state of a European-Asiatic axis. The device is ingenious, but involves him in considerable logical difficulties in getting rid of the American navy.

In fact, disposing of the American navy is a capital problem with the future war writers who wish to stage disasters in the United States. "The World Goes Smash" does it with a gangster revolution and civil war which is even more incredible than the civil war portions of "It Can't Happen Here." H. G. Wells did it long ago in "The War in the Air" by bombing the fleet out of existence from Zeppelins, but that was written before the Zeppelin turned out a very cry-baby bogey man. "The Hopkins Manuscript" and Captain Triplet's "Mungo War" series (as yet confined to the pages of the military technical press) get around the difficulty by simply ignoring it.

Only two writers have really grappled with the question, and one of them hardly counts, the only writer beside Wells to write a really serious future war story before 1914. He veiled his identity behind the name *Parabellum* and on internal evidence was someone close to Henry Reuterdahl and Admiral (then Commander) Sims, who were violently criticising the American naval administration for deficiencies in the fleet. In his book ("Banzai!") the best part of the navy is sunk in action as the result of these deficiencies.

Hector Bywater, the English naval writer, produced another account of an imaginary Japanese-American naval war a few years back—"The Great Pacific War"—which not only handles the American navy question, but is also about the best of the series in almost every other way. But he adopted the sober tone of a historian and was interested only in the technical problems of naval war in the Pacific. Aside from such studies as his and those of Captain Triplet we get from military writers of future war books only psychological implausibilities; and events since the first of September have demonstrated that the novelists have offered little but technical impossibilities.

Fletcher Pratt's latest book, "Sea Power and Today's War," will be published next week.

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"And Tyler, Too"

JOHN TYLER: CHAMPION OF THE OLD SOUTH. By Oliver Perry Chitwood. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 1939. 496 *pp., with index.* $4.

Reviewed by GEORGE FORT MILTON

JOHN TYLER was one of the strangest figures who ever occupied a dominating position in American public life. He was the first Vice President to become President because of the death of an elected incumbent. He was a State's Rights Democrat who was nominated for Vice President by the Whig Party, and was then deserted and repudiated by his new party within two months of his entry into the White House. He was a doctrinaire, a stickler for every syllable and letter of his given word, a fact which continually plunged him into hot water. And withal in personality he was kind and charming. He was a good orator, was well endowed with a somewhat reflective and always active mind, and had as little malice against enemies as probably any president we ever had.

This present volume, by a Professor of History at West Virginia University, is an official publication of the American Historical Association. After reading it, I feel that it well deserves selection by the Association as a volume worthy of its imprimatur. Dr. Chitwood has combined in it several elements not too often found in a single work. His research seems to have been prodigious, judging from evidences, less obvious than usual, of the scaffolding of scholarship. But his perception of the meaning of John Tyler's life is more than surface. In a number of instances he has penetrated behind the facts to the truth. His attitude toward Tyler is not unduly adulatory but occasionally is sharply critical. And his picture of the chief period of Tyler's impact on American politics is one which needed to be put in print.

Tyler was a Virginian, with the graces and defects of the Old Dominion. His father was a Governor of the State, he himself went to William and Mary, read law, started to practise it but most of his life practised politics. He deemed himself a Jeffersonian Democrat, by which he meant an extreme State's Rights man. Among the Whigs the man he had loved the most had been Henry Clay, whom he did not know; and he did not realize that Clay and his close friends were already determined to force the new President either to be a rubber stamp for the great Kentuckian, or they would repudiate and seek to destroy him politically.

The occasion of the conflict was Clay's insistence upon a new National Bank of the United States. Tyler had said repeatedly that he felt such a recharter unconstitutional. He offered a compromise but Clay would not have it. It was rule or ruin with Clay. In the outcome, it was Clay who was ruined more than Tyler. The National Bank Act could never gain passage over Tyler's vetoes. The Clay-controlled cabinet members could resign, but Tyler kept Webster with him for a while, then had John C. Calhoun, and all in all maintained an efficient and quite competent administration.

Tyler's chief importance in our history, in all probability, is not his break with Clay. Rather, it is his agency in securing the annexation of the Republic of Texas to the United States. At the time the anti-slavery men deeply resented this. Calhoun may have had some subversive purposes in his own maneuvers toward it. But Tyler was clean in his conduct of his negotiations. And Texas should have been joined to the United States, just as was done.

George Fort Milton is the author of "The Age of Hate."

The Kansas Guide

KANSAS: A GUIDE TO THE SUNFLOWER STATE. By the Federal Writers' Project. New York: The Viking Press. 1939. 538 *pp., with index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

IN the series of State Guides which the government has been sponsoring as a relief project for the unemployed white collar workers, the Kansas Guide is out and on the market. It is up to standard, and the standard of the series is high. The casual reader or traveler will find in this guide all information essential to the intelligent enjoyment of a trip across Kansas.

The traveler will learn something of the history of the state; where, for instance, the John Brown country is, where the old pro-slavery-abolitionists' battles were fought. He will learn who the Kansas notables were in other days, where they lived and sometimes how. The traveler also will learn what he probably does not know if he lives east of the Mississippi, that Kansas is a parallelogram that slopes upward from the Missouri river westward, and that the altitude of Eastern Kansas is about a thousand feet and the altitude of extreme Western Kansas is around 3,500 feet. The traveler will learn that that change in altitude makes two states—a one-crop state in the West where they grow wheat, and a general farming area where they grow wheat, corn, chickens, cattle, pigs, and a few sheep in the Eastern part of the state. He will learn that that change in altitude produces a change in social organization, different ways of life in the two sections of Kansas.

The traveler is guided here to the smoothest, straightest highways. He is told where to find refreshment for man and car. He is told something about the towns and villages through which he goes — their history and their social organization.

It is a good book. The writers who made it were more or less amateurs and naturally they made historical blunders — a few but not important. And naturally certain omissions occur and misapplications of award and blame. But the project as a project has done a splendid job for Kansas and Kansans should be proud.

William Allen White, widely known as the editor of The Emporia Gazette, *is an authority on the state of Kansas.*

Behind the Screen

LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES. By William Clayton Pryor and Helen Sloman Pryor. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1939. 183 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

DIRECTORS and writers do at least four-fifths of the creative work connected with a motion picture, including a fair share of the acting; the business and moods are designated by the writer and edited and illustrated by the director, but it is a fair bet that the average movie addict could not identify a half-dozen of this year's pictures by their directors, and none of them, probably, by the writer, unless the story happened to have had some success before its production in motion pictures.

The Pryors have attempted to correct this situation and put credit where credit is due with this sketch of how pictures are made, and the economic and other considerations relating to why they are made as they are. This is sometimes quite a problem to the casual observer. The "sketch" is a sufficiently lengthy book, but the subject is an enormous one; and this treatment is designed to arouse and guide intelligent criticism, technical as well as dramatic, rather than to attempt to treat motion pictures encyclopedically.

I was in Bermuda a few years ago with a thoughtful, entirely amiable, and kindly gentleman, author, and scholar, whose identity I cannot divulge beyond the fact that his last name was Seabrook. An interviewer from the island magazine came and inevitably the subject got around to America's fourth industry.

"And what, Mr. S.," said the interviewer, about to ask a "what if?" question, "would you do with the movies if you had full charge?"

Bill's amiable gaze strolled off to infinity and his face lighted beatifically at some far-off, heavenly vision. "I would give Shirley Temple a good bust in the snoot."

A splendid syllabus of a general criticism of the movies! However, the Pryors' book does not mention names and goes into more detail. It has good photographs.

Phil Stong is a novelist who has spent much time in Hollywood.

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The New Books

Biography

OVER THE DIVIDE. By Victor A. Yakhontoff. Coward-McCann. 1939. 301 *pp.* $3.

The paradox of a Bolshevik sympathizer from the privileged class of Czarist Russia is resolved in Victor Yakhontoff's new book. A colonel of the General Staff of the Czar, Chief of the Division of Operations against Germany at the front, Acting Minister of War under the Kerensky régime during its last days, Yakhontoff nevertheless has enjoyed the confidence of Soviet leaders. "Over the Divide" describes the mental and historical processes which accompanied the change from old to new, both in the life of one man and in the great society which controlled Russia's destiny.

Professedly "an impersonal record of personal experiences," the present autobiography is deeply rooted in the culture of Imperial Russia, and particularly of its military caste. Like most memoirs, it seeks to justify as well as to record personal acts, and attempts to harmonize decisions and to rationalize failures. But the story moves rapidly; the author has lived through exciting times, and was frequently in a position to make historical observations. He offers a good picture of the decaying Czarist Empire, tempered by more recent enlightenment and his condemnation of pre-Communist social policies. One is pleased to encounter an authoritative book on Russia which minimizes political discussion and seeks to describe events and customs of interest to Americans. The point of view adopted, however, is consistently that of the Stalinist era. It is curious, for example, to find an army man—with experience as Military Attaché of the Imperial Russian Embassy in Japan—who practically ignores the role of Trotsky in the Revolution, and mentions his military leadership only to explain strategic errors of the Red Army in Poland. Throughout the book there is a Japanese *leitmotiv,* to lend diverting color to an otherwise occidental setting.

A. R. E.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 290)

C. SEDLEY:
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Scrape no more your harmless chins,
Old beaux, in hope to please:
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Summer fruits we highly prize,
But winter berries we despise
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On the bush they may look well,
But gathered, lose both taste and smell.

HONEST COP—LEWIS J. VALENTINE. By Lowell M. Limpus. Dutton. 1939. 291 *pp., with index.* $3.

In September, 1939, thirty-six years after he joined the force as a rookie, the "honest cop" was reappointed Police Commissioner of New York City, having already held office for five years, the second longest term ever served in that stormy and insecure office. Lowell Limpus's readable book tells, with a fine disregard for the feelings of the politicians who have filled or occupied the Commissioner's chair in the past, of the days when honesty was so rare a virtue that its too aggressive possessor was certain to pound a lonely beat "in the sticks," and of the present era of honesty and efficiency.

The book is more than the story of Lewis Valentine's heartbreaking treatment at the hands of a political machine that had no use for honest cops, his repeated demotions and exiles, and the final dramatic triumph of his dogged integrity. It is a valuable contribution to the record of New York City's political history, made by a competent reporter who has had access to sources of inside information and whose recent biography, "This Man LaGuardia," led logically to a book on the man Mayor LaGuardia put and kept in command of "the finest."

A. H. MacC.

Fiction

HUDSON REJOINS THE HERD. By Claude Houghton. Macmillan. 1939. 320 *pp.* $2.50.

To be frank about this book, Mr. Houghton attempts to confuse us with a lot of pseudo-mystical hokum to disguise the fact that he is writing just a fancy whodunit. All of this business about rejoining the herd, about a man returning from the door of death to gather up his memories and make something of them, repiece his life, is a build-up—for what? For the solution to the question of how a man died, which we get upon the last page.

A strong objection is offered to this grafting of two kinds of writing, when neither of them is respected. Three fourths of the book is turned over to Hudson's steady introspection, as though Houghton were interested in the problems of a man's conscious stream. That he is not is revealed by the fact that Hudson's stream seems to consist only of such facts as are later to fit into the finished puzzle; who shot him and what happened to the assailant? Nor does this do the mystery any good. Neither honest psychology nor good deductive mystery, Mr. Houghton's story seems to have outsmarted itself.

N. L. R.

THE CONFIDENTIAL AGENT. By Graham Greene. Viking. 1939. 302 *pp.* $2.

Graham Greene well knows how to write the superior thriller. From the days of "The Man Within" and "The Name of Action" down to "This Gun for Hire" and "Brighton Rock" he has shown his mastery of the sinister. Now he imagines a secret agent coming to England, as it might be from the Loyalist side when Spain was in the throes of her fight against fascism. He names no country and no party, but his story grows from such roots. The man has come to arrange coal shipments. From his arrival at Dover, things begin to happen to him thick and fast. He is beaten and robbed by agents of his enemies, he is watched and suspected by other agents of his own side. He, the hunted, finally turns upon his

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TWENTY THREE BOOKS

And the Stories Behind Them

By JOHN T. WINTERICH

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foes and becomes the hunter. This reviewer is certainly not going to give away the end of the story. It is a tale of constant danger and of a life in the grip of constant fear.

Mr. Greene can manage suspense so that he has you sitting on the edge of your chair, or suddenly bolt upright in bed at the slight sound of a creaking door. If you felt, for instance, that the moving-picture of Buchan's "The Thirty-Nine Steps" was first-rate, you will get the same sort of satisfaction out of "The Confidential Agent."

W. R. B.

EGYPTIAN INTERLUDE. By Jolán Földes. Farrar & Rinehart. 1939. 302 *pp.* $2.50.

This story of the European colony in Alexandria is very much in the vein of Miss Földes's prize winner, "The Street of the Fishing Cat." It is slight even while it is safely this side of trifling; it has the color of strange streets and skies, of costumes and characters drawn from every capital of Europe. And it has a kind of swift, easy charm, together with brisk, feverishly witty dialogue. The story should go far to repair the damage done her by those two earlier books which were published after the success of the "Fishing Cat."

Looking further, "Egyptian Interlude" reveals very clearly two feebler aspects of Miss Földes's writing. One is that she finds it difficult to cope with the embarrassment of sincere feeling. When she deals with flip exchanges and mock passions, all goes swimmingly, but the same tone and speed do not give life to a profounder emotion. The central love story here fades away into the picture for sheer lack of distinguishing quality. Second, there is a disturbing quality in every one of her male characters, which haunts us until we discover what it is: that their thoughts are in no way distinct in quality from those of the women. Miss Földes needs to study further into the windings of the mental stream, to discover how men think.

N. L. R.

STRANGERS IN THE LAND. By E. B. Ashton. Scribners. 1939. 312 *pp.* $2.50.

This is not quite a finished novel, nor a satisfying one, but it is unusually interesting for the number and kinds of things Mr. Ashton attempts to do. At the center of it is one of the hard-bitten modern love stories so characteristic of contemporary writing: the brisk meetings, the swift and barely acknowledged passions, the easy feinting, and the spurts of violence. This is a good hard core, and around it there is the turgid atmosphere of Germany in the days just before the Nazi accession to power, when the streets were lines of battle and everybody was beginning to hear one raucous voice crying havoc. The fact that Pont, one of the lovers, is a Jew, serves to draw these two strands of narrative together, and to create a third problem. Pont is caught in the rift between the two Germanys, the old one he loves, of which he feels himself to be bone and marrow, and the new brown-shirt Germany, part of whose lust is directed against his existence; suddenly he is a stranger in the land. The division goes deep into his mind and spirit. Mr. Ashton turns, then, to the only prose technique which can begin to express this kind of division, the Joycean stream of consciousness. His experiments with it are fragmentary and not always fruitful, but they are sound and articulate, they are movements in the right direction. That is the book's total effect, a good deal of vivid and imaginative work lacking only the integration of one strong, encompassing line to make it successful.

N. L. R.

PAUL REVERE SQUARE. By Louise Andrews Kent. Houghton Mifflin. 1939. 366 *pp.* $2.50.

Novels about Boston are always mildly annoying to people who live there. Even that notable book, "The Late George Apley," infuriated the older generation, about whom it was written. But "Paul Revere Square" is not to be compared with "The Late George Apley," which one suspects will one day become a classic. It is the story of Diana Joceleyn, of the Joceleyns of Paul Revere Square, tea merchants, who is left an orphan in a remote hamlet in Vermont, and comes to visit her uncle Nicholas Joceleyn. Uncle Nicholas capitulates to her simple, Vermont charm, rewrites his will, dies, leaving her his fortune, to the chagrin of his nephews who proceed to draw lots for a week apiece in which they shall be free to court her, and the fortune. The story concerns itself with the courtship of five nephews. It is a plot that reminds one of the Middle Ages, and the style is decorative.

"Paul Revere Square" is a pretty romance. Except for the ease with which its characters arrive at Tuckerman's Ravine, it might be almost any city instead of Boston. The Vermont scenes are truer. As one follows young skiers from Boston to the Hinterland, one seems to emerge from unreality into reality. And the one character that stands out is a crippled wrestler in a hospital who kills himself and gives his eyes to one of the nephews, who is saved from blindness. Mrs. Kent forgot New England when she drew him. Here she dealt with a human being, and made a success.

M. L.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DEATH FOR THE SURGEON *Gilbert Eldridge* (Phoenix: $2.)	California medico diabolically envenomed. Ex-Narcotics Squad pals sniff strange goings-on, and finally corner killer with delusions of omnipotence.	Laboratory murder methods, wholesale opium smuggling, and hard-bitten sleuthing blended into gory dish, plentifully seasoned with gunpowder.	High tension
A SHROUD FOR SHYLOCK *Stephen Ransome* (Crime Club: $2.)	Jill Archer, of "Secrets, Incorporated" bests local police in solving tricky double killing in Hudson Valley.	Personable girl detective uses scientific methods to advantage in bringing well-concealed killer to tragic, but merited, end.	Class A
THE DOUBLE SHADOW MURDERS *Allan McRoyd* (Greystone Press: $2.)	Three killings in bailiwick of Insp. Franklin Brady of N. Y. Homicide Bureau spur that efficient gent to stern measures.	Final touches put on interesting case when Brady pierces killer's clever device to set back time of victim's demise.	Entertaining
DEATH CUTS A SILHOUETTE *D. B. Olsen* (Crime Club: $2.)	Sadistic father and other members of curious Southwestern clan eliminated by killer who can't escape observant Sheriff Matthews.	Physical and pathological oddities of Ericksen family give yarn some rather queasy moments; moves steadily, however, and sleuthing is able.	Grim—but good

Miscellaneous

THE HEALTH INSURANCE DOCTOR. By Barbara N. Armstrong. Princeton University Press. 264 *pp., with index.* $3.

In this comprehensive and intelligent study Mrs. Armstrong presents the results of her detailed investigation of health insurance as it operates in three countries—Great Britain, Denmark, and France. She chose these particular countries for her purpose because all have democratic forms of government, all have chosen health insurance as the most practical way of meeting the medical needs of low income groups, yet each differs from the others in the manner of administration, the amount of help provided, and the part played by the medical profession. Moreover in all three na-

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tions health insurance has functioned for a long time during which much has been learned from experience and many modifications of procedure adopted. Thus they offer contrasting material that should be most suggestive to our own country where to many the idea is still new and still confused with "socialized medicine." (Denmark has had health insurance for almost fifty years, Great Britain for more than twenty-five, France almost ten).

Mrs. Armstrong has been thoroughly grounded in economics and law, and she approaches her subject with the dispassionate and detached mind of a jurist taking evidence. For her study she interviewed government officials, lay workers, organized and unorganized doctors, and indeed every type of person related to the health bureaucracy, as well as many who merely observed its workings. Official reports and tables add substantially to the value of the analysis.

Obviously this is not a book for those who are looking for drama or controversy. But readers who are unbiasedly desirous of finding an answer to the problem of adequate medical care for those who cannot pay for it —a problem that presses on this country with greater urgency each year— will find Mrs. Armstrong's book the most valuable aid yet available to realistic thinking on this important subject.

M. S. U. (M.D.)

CREATIVE MUSIC IN THE HOME. By Satis N. Coleman. Day. 1939. 399 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

You engage a music teacher to start your Johnny or Peggy on the way, and the instructor arrives with a piece of sheepskin and says, "Now, the first thing we'll need is a yellow mixing bowl, if you happen to have one in the kitchen." This might alarm those of us to whom "music lessons" began with a five-finger exercise or, if the professor was something of an academic radical, a composition called "Snowdrop in the Rain" or "Darling's Very First Minuet." But Mrs. Satis N. Coleman's "Creative Music in the Home" is no conventional introduction to music. Mrs. Coleman believes that music can be absorbed rather than taught in the familiar style, and her handsome and engagingly illustrated volume tells the prospective musician how to make a drum before it gets around to scales and the like.

Yes, according to Mrs. Coleman, you can construct a pretty good drum from a bit of sheepskin and a mixing bowl; and having made your drum, you then beat on it to become acquainted with rhythms. After that, you may study the meaning of melody from musical glasses—and from instruments manufactured or assembled in the home, you go on to meet the entire repertoire of regular orchestral implements, acquiring, en route, a handy and painless knowledge of musical essentials.

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HARRISON-HILTON BOOKS

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has been conditioned against music, will be tempted by Mrs. Coleman's book to make a little music for himself. Later, he may advance to make music for others. But whether or not he ever becomes a proficient performer isn't so important, because there are almost too many proficient performers already at large. By working with the materials of music as he might experiment with the materials of radio or photography, the child probably will make friends with music and grow up to enjoy it as a normal or even necessary part of his life. That, we think, is the greatest value of an extraordinarily sound and ingenious contribution to musical pedagogy.

By the way, there's nothing in the book that forbids parents to make drums. . . . Maybe we can lift that mixing bowl when the cook isn't watching.

R. A. S.

Science

EARTH'S GREEN MANTLE. By Sydney Mangham. Macmillan. 1939. 322 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Professor Mangham, who teaches at University College, Southampton, England, has given his book the subtitle of "Plant Science for the General Reader" and thereby wisely avoids the word botany, which is an infallible dinner bell for the public. This science, which the author professes and the present reviewer eagerly follows, has been so badly taught as to have less appeal to human interest than logarithms, but Professor Mangham has gone a long way to right this wrong. "Earth's Green Mantle," of course, refers to the planetary mantle of vegetation, and Professor Mangham has that ever-present sense of *flora* that is the mark of your real botanist. The great energic stream of solar energy never ceases, in his book, to turn the mills of chlorophyll in green leaves, and chlorophyll forever charges the batteries of protoplasm. The author stresses the right things; he has an accurate sense of the balance between life the machine and life the mysterious, which commands complete respect. Scattering his human and historical incidents judiciously, dwelling on nothing too long, and treating nothing important in a dabby way, the author has done a job in which he can take pride, and which ought, in our opinion, to supplant ordinary text books in elementary courses.

The illustrative material is of only fairish quality. Some of the best of it, an American takes pride in noting, emanates from the U. S. Department of Agriculture's superb files. Most of the rest is so far from being up to the text as to give a false impression of the clarity and interest of the book itself.

D. C. P.

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SPORTSMEN, good deer and rabbit country. Accommodations for four. Write Karl Wheeler, Willoughby, Vermont.

EDUCATED WOMAN, former Secretary, wishes partnership with another in going bookshop, small school or other stable, interesting field. Christian. $400 and services. New England preferred. Box 504-D.

I AM LOOKING for an employer who will appreciate reliability, intelligence, capability, cheerfulness and good appearance in housekeeper, companion or nurse. References. Box 503-D.

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GUATEMALA . . . Now is the time to join the Migratory Art Guild. We leave next month. Write Rosamond Tudor, Redding, Connecticut.

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POLISH GENTLEWOMAN with rare personality, unusually equipped, widely travelled, experienced thru management of own estates, left without family. Seeking opportunity. Outstanding endorsements. Box 509-D.

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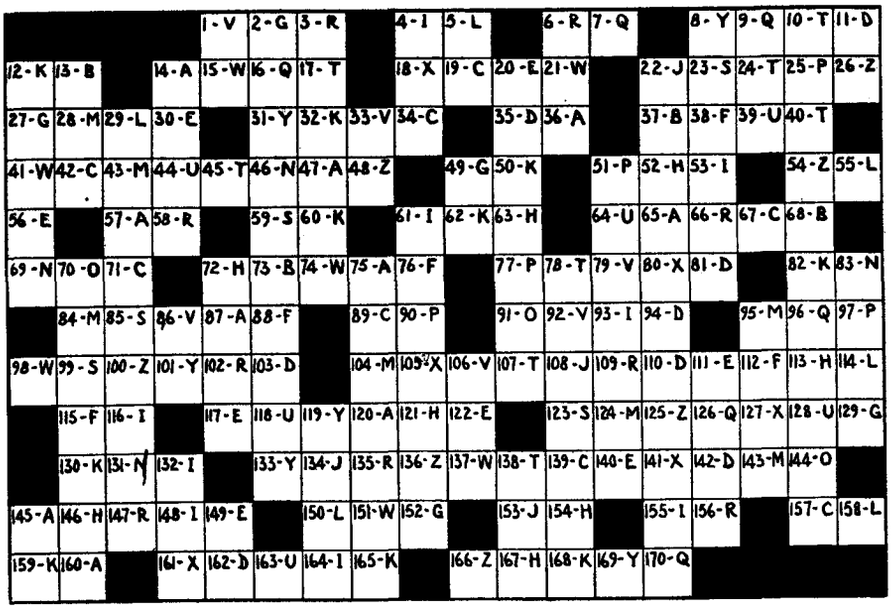
Double-Crostics: No. 291

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 19 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Brings to a standstill.

B. Primeval giant-chaos (Norse).

C. Irreconcilable opposition members.

D. One of the prophets.

E. Severe in demands.

F. Eskimos of Asia.

G. American woman suffragist (1818-1893; last name).

H. Viverrine mammal of India.

I. Badly put together, crude.

J. Course or method of action.

K. Bring into consonance.

L. Hero of Overture by Beethoven.

M. Woman's domain (symbolical).

N. Early centre of Celtic Church (Hebrides).

O. Sharper attending on Falstaff.

P. Edges of hills.

Q. Planet.

R. Skips with a glancing rebound.

S. Chaucer's patron.

T. Until now.

U. Feebly pretentious.

V. Astonishing piece of news (slang).

W. Eastern U. S. state.

X. Left entire.

Y. Makes corrections (literary).

Z. Crisp indented battercakes.

WORDS

36 14 57 87 47 120 145 65 75 160

13 37 73 68

157 42 67 19 89 139 71 34

110 11 81 103 162 142 35 94

30 56 20 117 111 140 122 149

88 38 112 115 76

129 49 2 152 27

146 167 52 72 121 113 154 63

4 148 93 116 164 132 155 61 53

108 153 134 22

62 50 168 60 12 32 165 130 82 159

55 29 150 158 114 5

28 104 43 143 95 124 84

46 83 131 69

70 144 91

77 97 51 25 90

9 96 126 170 16 7

3 6 135 147 102 66 109 156 58

99 123 85 23 59

45 78 138 40 17 10 107 24

128 64 44 118 39 163

33 106 79 1 92 86

74 151 15 41 98 137 21

127 105 18 161 141 80

169 119 133 101 31 8

166 100 125 48 26 136 54

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A PRENTICE-HALL BOOK

Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

John Hessian

WITH very great regret we record the death of John J. Hessian, who had been associated with the famous Country Life Press at Garden City since it was built. John Hessian joined Doubleday Page and Company as an accountant, in 1907; became vice president of Doubleday Doran at the merger in 1928; and took over the presidency of the Country Life Press when the publishing side of the business moved to New York City in 1938. ☞John Hessian united a most endearing quiet humor with a New England level judgment. His long experience with accounts and balance sheets gave him a lively sense of fiscal actuality, which must have been irked by some of the zigzags and fantasies of Goof à la mode. We seem to recall a time when there was a boom in some momentary sensation—was it Dr. Coué, or was it Technocracy?—and all the publishers were scrambling for books about it. The Doubleday crowd, on account of their leisurely and parliamentary way of making decisions, had suffered occasionally by climbing on just such bandwagons after most people had already had the ride. "How come," we asked John, "your editors didn't publish a book about Technocracy?" ☞ "They had the skids all ready for us," he replied, "but we ducked it." ☞ John Hessian was a serene and staunch friend, and we shall miss him deeply.

☞Guedalla's *The Hundredth Year,* a history of the year 1936, the Given Point being somewhere near Piccadilly, is brilliantly readable. ☞In kitchen metaphor, this is history mulled or curried or devilled or frappéed. It is most successful where it really comes from inside observation, as in dealing with Edward VIII; it relies more upon wisecrack when the subject is more complex, as Hitler. ☞Excellent wisecrack too. "All that day the London streets were sibilant with Mrs. Simpson's name." Mr. Guedalla uses a vinegar rinse on Baldwin and the Archbishop; he redresses the unbalanced Old World with copious enthusiasm for the New. It's a pity he speaks of F. D. R. as wearing a silk "shirtwaist," which in U. S. is reserved for females and juveniles. ☞He pays well judged tribute to the movie news-reels as source material for modern historians. Only exceptional readers will be able to make the qualifications the book needs, but here is culture or plasm of history alive in a test-tube.

☞Supposedly Old Q. is an Escapist. He compiles his notes by piling the week's catch of boblishers' honeycomb on the floor by the fireplace. Sitting there moping over the stuff he falls into a backwarm stupor and almost forgets to write anything. ☞An advt. in the *P. W.* that George Barrie's Sons (Bryn Mawr, Pa.) are offering for sale the plates of their innumerable sets of biographies, memoirs, confessions of the Great Cartesians (as the Old Soak called 'em), histories, and whatnot. Those amazing de luxe sets, famous in auction rooms for so many years. There's a grand trade story there, wish Geo. Barrie's Sons would write us about it. ☞Some A. Edward Newton fan in Cincinnati must have come into the Big Jack judging by all the ephemera and oddities of the Caliph A. Edward for which John G. Kidd is advertising. ☞The trade was pleased by the beginning of Edward Weeks' broadcasting program on October 17. Astonishing man, Ted Weeks; how does he find time to get so much work done and so well done? Editing the *Atlantic* used to be thought a fairly full-time job. ☞The N. Y. Booksellers' League began its 45th year of useful doings with a dinner at the Brevoort, October 18. The guests of honor were Dr. Lin Yutang and Wythe Williams. ☞Stanley Young, known as playwright, novelist, and reviewer, and on the staff of Macmillans a few years ago, has joined the editorial department of Harcourt Brace. ☞Thomas B. Costain, who served for 14 years as associate editor of the *Saturday Evening Post* and there encouraged the early successes of many brilliant fictionists, is now editorial adviser at Doubleday Doran. ☞We thought the broccoli matter was concluded; we reopen it just long enough to say that Miss Celesta Wine (Kansas State College) reports mention of the hardy wopsprouts as far back as Evelyn's *Acetaria,* 1699. ☞ One of our best friends, some years ago, was an English sheepdog. He looked rather like Socrates, and was as high-minded as Santayana. He had a good influence on us; we miss him still; and he exerted a better influence on the children he helped raise than most of their parents and teachers. ☞ In honor of his memory we feel it our duty to say that on account of the War one of the most famous breeds of English sheepdogs has to be—this is a euphemism—reduced. Briefly, many of the dogs must either find homes abroad or be destroyed. H. A. Tilley, the senior breeder of English sheepdogs in the world (since 1881) writes that rather than have to destroy the noble animals he offers grown dogs usually sold at £75 to £100 for £20; and four month puppies at £5. From Mr. Tilley's Shepton Kennels (at Shepton Mallet, Somerset) came most of the pedigree that have become famous in this country. ☞The cost of shipment to the U. S., Mr. Tilley says, would be about £5 per dog, which would include the necessary papers for entry here. We believe that some readers would be grateful for a chance to associate with the best canine companionship known. The information given here is confirmed by the English Sheepdog Club of America.

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